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THE Conductors of FORM beg to announce that they propose to publish from time to time finely printed editions of modern literature. The first of these volumes has already been completed. It is an edition of the eight poems by W. B. Yeats, which appear in the present number. The poems have been hand-written by Edward Pay, and are accompanied by a drawing by Austin O. Spare. Only two hundred copies are available for sale at the following prices: Dutch Hand-made Paper, 4/-; Italian Hand-made Paper, 3/-; Jap-Vellum, 2/6. The Sole Agents for this edition are The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. The next volume will be Twelve Poems by J. C. Squire, printed on hand-made paper, with decorations by Austin O. Spare, at 4/- each. Twenty-five copies bound in vellum, numbered, and autographed by the author and artist, are available at one guinea each. There will also be published shortly an edition-de-luxe of The Little Flowers of St. Francis, with numerous auto-woodcuts by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. The price will be 10/6 and there will be a limited number of copies bound in vellum and autographed by the artist. All prices are net, and subscriptions are invited at 298 Kennington Park Road, S.E.

Separate issues of most of the prints in FORM may be obtained, printed on special paper and autographed by the artists. Prices on application.

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# THE GROTESQUE

*with drawings by*

# AUSTIN O. SPARE & PHILLIP NEWTON



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# THE GROTESQUE

BY

# EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

I was born and brought up in the old faith—the faith that built the cathedrals of Amiens, Notre Dame and Rheims, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, Westminster and Canterbury. I was therefore outside controversy as to the eastward position, the use of incense, altar lights, dalmatics, and the many questions of ritual that so disturbed the Anglican peace of the period of my youth, and still find echoes here and there. I look back lovingly to the quiet Sundays and feast days when High Mass was celebrated in the Church attached to my old School of Mount St. Mary's.



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# The Grotesque

RITUAL there of course came naturally. The feast of Corpus Christi falls about Midsummer—the time of flowers, of bees, of sunshine. The singing procession of the Blessed Sacrament wound in and out among the parterres of the College garden. The lanterns and candles carried by the acolytes and altar boys made mockery of the sun and the incense from the clinking thurible outdid the flowers. Children strewed roses and every blossom the garden affords, to make exquisite the path of the Body of Christ.

IN summer mornings after the solemn moment of the Elevation of the Host, when the thurifer with his clinking chains and his attendant torchbearers with their flickering candles had departed, the high sun slanted sharply downwards through the great eastern window athwart the lingering clouds of incense making slow shifting lazy patterns of colour. The silence as it were stood listening. Into the drowsy stillness stole presently the lonely voice of the celebrant uplifted in the glorious and ever haunting chant of the Lord's Prayer. "Pater Noster, qui es in coelis . . ." O lovely prayer ; chanted in what worthy cadences !

THE idea of sacrifice—the brutal sacrifice of the body and blood was etherealized; symbolical only in gentle forms of bread and wine. The priest's voice hushes itself again: the Gregorian is silent. The atonement was made, and all was peace. "Et verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis ; et vidimus gloriam ejus ; gloriam quasi unigeniti a Patre, plenum gratiæ et veritatis," and with "Deo Gratias" the Mass was over. The listening silence sealed up its ears and went to sleep again. A ruminant sleep full of dreams and meditations and scents and murmurings of bees and flowers.

BUT what, you will say, are you talking about? What has all this to do with the Grotesque? Listen and I will tell you. Such were the days of boyhood. But what of the nights? Days filled with peace and beauty —Nights of Fear and Horror and Hell. Was the atonement after all complete? Still doubts and horrors and fears of punishment for sins as yet undreamt of haunted the dark. The daylight might belong to God; but night could be, and sometimes was, the Devil's own.

ON our chapel and church there were no grotesques such as are found on mediæval edifices (the church was, I believe, designed by Hansom, of greater popular fame for his cabs than for his churches). But still in the manuals of devotion were many old monkish meditations on Mortal Sin, on Death, on Judgment and an eternity of Hell, lingering from the middle ages. For instance—"In hell every sense will be exquisitely tormented. The sight, by the presence of devils; the ears by shrieks and howlings, by curses and blasphemies: the smell, by insupportable stink and rottenness, the taste by raging hunger and thirst . . . the touch, by glowing fire that will search their inmost parts . . . The dreadful torments of hell would be in some sort tolerable if they were at last to end; but no, God's hatred must for ever pursue the wretched sinner; after millions of years the fire of hell will be as active and raging as ever, the body and soul as much disposed to suffer, and the damned as distant from God as at the first moment of their imprisonment. (Catholic Manual, p. 30, 31.)

WITH such a fate awaiting the soul of a little boy who should die with one mortal sin upon his soul, do I exaggerate when I say that night and darkness which hold in themselves sufficient horrors for any nervous and imaginative child may in truth become the Devil's Own?

WELL then; Why then; What then? What Walpurgis Nights of Nightmares; of the Seven Deadly Sins, and of the Devil and all his angels —Devils and fiends incarnate; and, worst of all, formless, colourless, undefinable horrors and fears.

ON the dark backward and abysm of Time, before man had discovered and come to a knowledge of the One True God, the Devil was known and feared: for he had made his presence felt. It is here I think that we get the very roots and origin of the undeniable grotesque. The study of the Grotesque in Art is bound up with the study of Demonology, and so indirectly of Theology.

I do not know the work of Morto da Feltre—and I pass over the derivation of grotesque from the style of decoration of the grottos of his time. It is as though we were to describe Rackham's own dainty fancies as "cellaresque" from the style of decoration of the German beer cellars; and it is even possible that the goblins that one generally finds painted on the friezes of these haunts bear some far away kinship with our subject, even historically.

"GROTESQUE" has come to mean for me, and I believe for most people—not only a style in which Morto da Feltre worked, or a style pertaining to the decoration of grottos—but covers a whole order and range of ideas, such as perhaps I may most readily define by a negative.

THE discussion as to what constitutes the idea of Beauty is endless, and I will not enter upon it—and the discussion as to what is "Grotesque" in the meaning which the word holds for me might be equally futile and inconclusive. If I say that for me the idea of the "Grotesque" is the opposite of the idea of "Beauty," I shall sum up most readily and with the most immediate utility what we are about to discuss. A normal person might sum up Beauty in Art as the expression of what we most admire and love, and the Grotesque as the expression of what we most



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hate and fear. Another similar way of putting it might be to state intrinsic Beauty as the Principle of Good made manifest; and the intrinsically Grotesque as conversely the principle of Evil displayed.

SHOULD this be accepted (and I only put it forward as my personal view, and in no sense definitive) it will be seen that while Beauty and the Grotesque occupy between them the entire gamut of expression, there is a sort of neutral country—the "included middle" between the two extremes —a debatable frontier, a "limbo" as it were, where caricature and prettiness meet. Caricature touches hands with the grotesque—and evil communications sometimes affect its good manners. Prettiness touches hands with caricature; being one might say, a reversed caricature of Beauty, an anæmic edition of it, by subtraction of character, whereas caricature works by addition and may, in opposition to anæmic prettiness, be appropriately called "sanguinary caricature." I speak as one grotesque. It might be called the feminine of caricature—which above all is masculine. Prettiness, carried to extremes, may also with caricature, partake of the grotesque, even in the sinister meaning which I give to the word. Here I am not labouring a paradox. It is only necessary to examine a few modern fashion plates to appreciate this truth. "To paint the lily, to rouge the rose" is the way of corruption. That they are the work for the most part of quite virtuous young ladies does not weaken me. We may have unconscious vice, very vicious, just as unconscious humour, is the funniest. The vice of the fashion plate is its vapidity.

ALSO in this limbo or borderland, lies the absurd—to me not necessarily grotesque, though often so called. While the absurd may also be grotesque, the grotesque in its essence is never absurd. The grotesque is cynical and cruel and may cause cynical, bitter or hysterical laughter: but full throated deep lunged laughter that brings aching sides and tears to the eyes, never. The Macabre—or I believe more accurately "Macabré" presumably from the name of the painter who first worked this vein, lies nearer to the indisputable grotesque, even if we do not include it entirely.

THE Grim with the Macabre I place balanced as on a razor-edge between the sublime and the ridiculous; a touch would send it over either way; its feat is to remain so balanced; so keeping us with our breath held, admiring its skill, while perhaps hoping for the added thrill of a fall to ruin.

WITHOUT being a Puritan, far from it, you will say, the merely pornographic I put aside, with all simply suggestive, nudging impurities and sniggering immoralities masquerading as high Art, as also the equally prurient opposition to the Nude.

I propose, since the subject is really enormous, to limit my paper fairly closely, by excluding the grotesque as an affair of human intellect and its creation, and to glance more particularly at the grotesque as we see it ready made to our hand by the Creator of us all. And this may, by going back, help us still further forward, and prove suggestive to invention, though I only touch the fringe of its skirts.

IN nature itself the borderland of the "funny" and absurd exists. The Creator has condemned certain of his beings to a lifelong absurdity, making of some of them mere

"figures of fun" even when he has not damned them to a lifetime of hatred and fear. Jove, Jupiter, Jahveh, Jehovah, call him what you will—must have been at his most Jovial when he created the Dodo; particularly when he stuck for still greater finish to the absurdity, the little fantastic bunch of feathers upon the comic rump. It is a sadder world for its extinction. Our forefathers were too stupid to accept the joke and killed it. The penguin with his pompous aldermanic shirtfront where one is almost disappointed to find no "Gold Albert" the strange dark billed echidna, the toucans and hornbills, the giraffe, the daddy-long-legs, even the waddling goose, are all masterpieces from the workshop of the absurd. The jests of the Creator though subtle are obvious—so obvious that even a Scot can see them, unless as sometimes happens, he is blinded by theology, and thinks to accuse the Gods of a sense of humour irreverent. Do you remember Rossetti's Limerick on Val Prinsep?—

> "There was a Creator called God
> Who created some things very odd—
> He made a man Val, and maintain it I shall
> He's a serious reflection on God."

Burns attributed the creation of Andrew Turner, whoever he may have been, to the Devil:—

> "In se'enteen hunder 'n forty nine
> The deil gat stuff to mak a swine
> And coost it in a corner;
> But wilily he changed his plan
> An' shaped it something like a man
> An' ca'd 'it Andrew Turner."

SO that Satan, on the good authority of Burns, was at work creating man so recently as to be well within a hundred years of living memory.

ONE might well agree that the Devils shared in the Creation when we consider some of the finished products of the grotesque; such for instance as some of the apes and baboons exhibit, for the Creator seems to have conceived and carried them to completion in loathing, hatred, and contempt of his own idea from



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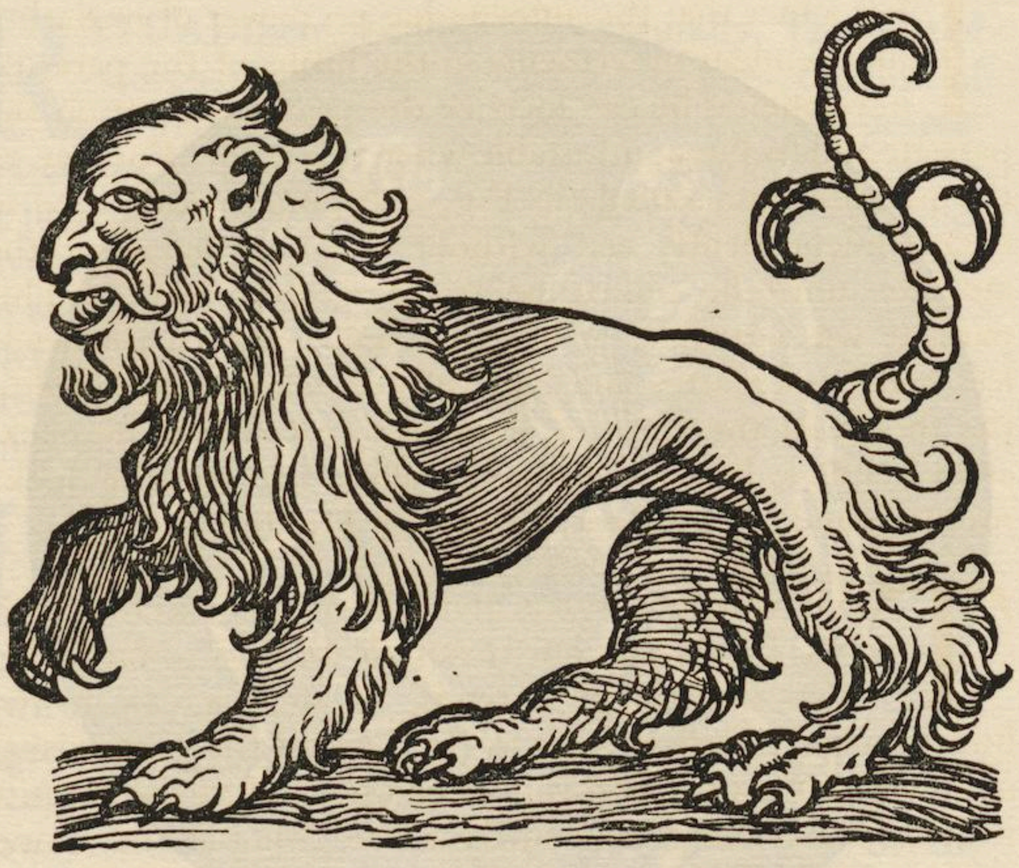
# The Grotesque



beginning to end, loving only his own supreme craftsmanship. Yet Coleridge, who accounted himself a philosopher, wrote in the Ancient Mariner

> Farewell, Farewell! but this I tell
> To thee thou Wedding Guest
> He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all.

CAN you love the hyena, the baboon and the dog faced apes? Or the crocodile? Or the hippopotamus? Or the louse? Could you pet a rhinoceros or kiss him—or a wart hog?

IT is hard to imagine the planning of the mandrill, except by a malignant fiend, unless we are to agree with Pythagoras as to the transmigration of souls: and if the Kingdom of God is within us, by a like reasoning, so also must be Hell, the Kingdom of the Powers of Darkness. If we are God's tabernacles, surely the mandrill is the mansion of Beelzebub, from every window of which seven devils peer out.

IT would be impossible to invent a grotesque more awful in its intensity than this being. Holman Hunt painted a famous picture of the scape goat: but I think a truer picture might be drawn from this poor beast, dowered apparently only with vice—Envy, Hatred, Malice and Lust—vice without satisfaction, nothing but satiety and discontent—a soul in fact in Hell. . . . "He has truly borne our sorrows."

AND yet, sculptured as he is all as it were in terms of ill, and coloured apparently with the same prurient fantasticality, with his ridged cerulean cheeks, malignant brows, overhanging his gimlet lecherous eyes, his obscenely iridiscent rump slothfully and disdainfully turned—make for the children at the Zoo, thank goodness, nothing but a "figure of fun"—But for us sinners, he is an accusation, and a hint of what evolution along certain lines is capable of.

SO go still lower in the scale of life—even leaving out the insectivorous plants, so seeming-cruel in their stealthy embraces seemingly against nature, we may find in form and colour among certain fungi, cactuses, creepers and orchids, at least in appearance, something grotesque, sinister and malign, as though possessed by devils and given over to the weird ritual of strange and rare vices. I do not deal here with poison plants, having an appearance of innocence, and yet most deadly—though an artist in literary grotesque might find these most fascinating of all. But who am I, that I should call fie fie on the Creator of the Paradise for producing a shocking vegetable! Let us return for a moment to think on roses—and lilies and anemones and daffodils at the Beautiful end of our scale: and for sweetness and innocence on buttercups, cowslips and daisies, celandines, violets, ladies-slippers, forget-me-nots, blue bells and primroses: then look at the cactuses and orchids which I place at the other extreme of the maliciously grotesque; and then—about the middle, for fun and absurdity—what do you say to the fat and jolly turnip; or a crisp cow-cabbage?

BUT all these are as toys and foibles to what Nature can do when she sets her heart and hand to the production of the grotesque in downright earnest. That is when she leaves the normal, and becomes deliberately malicious. Not nature "red in tooth and claw" only—such is the general law of life, even our own, where life lives on other lives, and "he should take who has the power, and he should keep who can," and where the fittest survives. But when Nature sets herself to ruin her own handiwork, she can and does play strange fantastic tricks with it, as when a child retouching the drawing of an angel by a master-hand, "improves" it with a moustache.

OF pain and sorrow and disease most of us by now know enough; of apparently grotesquely unjust affliction, and of that tangled skein of life the unravelling of which was sufficient to puzzle the wise Ecclesiastes. With a rehearsal of those forms of the grotesque with which we are all familiar and are becoming more familiar every day I will not wring your hearts. I will speak only of far off strange and rare things, real though they are. I pass by the hunch-backed, the aborted, the dwarf, the culs de jattes, the blind, the halt and the lame and the Cyranos of this world—all this sorrowful brotherhood—and come at once to the limits of my experience.

TAKE Elephantiasis for instance. Years ago—(and this was the most horribly grotesque thing I ever saw) a doctor friend of mine showed me photographs of what he called "an exceptionally good case." The main effect of the disease was this, that one side of the body was starved to a skeleton, while all nourishment went to the other. Half skeleton—and the "permanent enduring bone" alone retained its symmetry—half bloated, hair growing like tufts of grass on the fleshy, wenlike chunks of head, knobs of flesh hanging like pear shaped lumps of dough as from a hairy baker's arms—horrible—I am glad to say that I forget the face. Once I illustrated Carlyle's French Revolution—and the first idea I had was to use Elephantiasis as the central symbol of my scheme. I made sketches of Marat and Marie Antoinette, as it were as twins, suckled at the right and left breasts of a symbolical pre-Revolution France, suffering from starvation on one side, and gluttony on the other—but when I came to the point it was too horrible to carry out—even for me.



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# Edmund J. Sullivan

THERE is still one step farther possible to be made in our study of the natural grotesque: there may be other steps to take, but what I am about to propound is as far as my own slight studies have taken me, which is yet further than my unaided imagination would have carried. And the subject is interesting in that it calls for discussion both by theologians and demonologists as well as containing possible suggestions for an artist in grotesque.

I will do my best simply to state the case as one of grotesquerie, physical and spiritual—for this, my last case, calls in the spiritual also, and the question of the soul of man. I will not argue it here.

IN chapter 48 of Sir J. Bland Sutton's book on Tumours, an account is given of what are known to surgeons as Teratomata. He says :—

"WHEN two embryos are conjoined, and one goes on to complete development, while only certain parts of its companion continue to grow, the result is a parasitic fœtus. The mature individual supporting it is called the autosite."

* * * *

"IN the well known case of Jean Battiste dos Santos of Portugal, well described in 1846 by W. Acton and 19 years later by Ernest Hart in London, and by Handyside in Edinburgh, there was not only an additional (imperforate) anus, but the man had two functional penes. It is also an interesting fact that malformed individuals of this kind, whether male or female, are capable of producing offspring, the most striking example being the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng Bunker. They married sisters: Chang had ten children, Eng twelve. One boy and one girl of Chang's were deaf and dumb, but there was no other blemish of any kind in the families of the twins."

I quote Bland Sutton again:—

"IT is a fact that the autosite has no power of initiating independent movements in the limbs of the parasite, nevertheless he can localize the prick of a pin on the parasite and feel uncomfortable when it is cold. Further, in the parasite represented (in Fig. 246), micturition used to occur independently and without the knowledge of the autosite until he felt urine trickling over him." This parasite was acardiac, or heartless, and is shown as a headless body, with arms and legs fully developed, attached to the thorax of the autosite, its arms thrown round his neck, as in helpless, hopeless embrace, while the autosite looks mildly bland. . . . . Poor Laloo, the Hindu!

THE eminent surgeon gives also details of a child with two faces—the only example he says so far as his own knowledge extends, of such a case in the human subject. Still, there it is. In this case the "consensual manner" of the two faces is insisted upon. Here the autosite is described as being "as comely a little thing as you would wish to see." Which are we to pity more?—It, or its pale "consensual" shadow?

I have heard of solemn old patristic discussions as to whether Adam, not having been born of woman, should or should not be represented with a navel. I do not propose to deal with the grotesquerie of so called logical conclusions. I am only giving examples—the strange places into which even holiness and theology may take you —you may consider them grotesque or not as you please. In a similar vein in chapter xx of the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy a quotation is made, which in spite of its strange setting is apparently authentic, of a learned deliberation by Messrs: les Docteurs de Sorbonne under date April 10th 1733, on the subject of prenatal baptism "par le moyen d'une petite canulle," Anglice a squirt. Subject to the approval of the bishop of the good surgeon who propounds the question, and final resort to the Pope, the Council of the Sorbonne approves the idea, "estimant que les enfans renfermées dans le sein de leurs meres, pourront etre capables de salut, parce qu'ils sont capable de damnation."

I remember putting the question to a soidisant theologian, as to the moment at which the soul enters the body: but received no satisfactory answer. Now, if the soul is held to exist already in the fœtus, and worthy of an effort to save, since it is held to be capable of being damned —as the good doctors say—have we here an example of one perfect body and soul, and one imperfect body with a partial soul? And is it possible to have a part only of a soul? Or is a soul an indivisible unit? And suppose that only one of them should be properly baptized? And so one be saved and the other damned. And by what spiritual surgery could these twin souls be disparted?

ON the subject of natural grotesque I pause here, as I think it difficult to go further—reaching, as my example does, even into the supernatural—without giving imagination play, as for instance by representing the acardiac afflicted also with elephantiasis, or otherwise complicating the simple case.

THOUGH perhaps we believe less in devilry and ensorcelment as the actual cause of the ills we are heir to, and call in as exorcist rather the doctor than the priest, we do not deny the existence of evil. For the sane



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# The Grotesque

artist, who sees life steadily and sees it whole, Beauty is not the only aim. There is I believe a possibility for a development of art by an education both of the artist and the public to an appreciation of a balanced presentment not only of the lovely, but of the evil, in contrast one with the other, each enhancing each.

THOUGH I had intended to speak more fully of the grotesque of savage races, among whom demonology develops earlier apparently than theology—or to whom a sense of the presence of malignant powers of darkness is greater than that of a benignant God I will make no more than mention. I suppose the oriental races and the mediæval cathedral builders have raised the grotesque to its highest point of expression—the Greeks being generally averse from it I believe—but in the many photographs one has seen of the masks of devil dancers, medicine men, etc., of savage tribes, and of savage idols and carvings, it seems to me that the impressions of horror are not only apt to be easier to express but that they come to the mind full fledged at an earlier stage in its development than do ideas of Beauty.

I have dwelt upon objective natural grotesque as a subject of study and attention for the artist, as things external to himself and not subject to his control. There remains one more point for me to touch upon, and I will shock you no more. I refer to the subjective grotesquerie of dreams over which again, we have only partial control, if any, and that only in certain cases.

THE artist might well explore the cities and caverns of dreams, not only for Beauty, but for its opposite, though they are, for artistic purposes, as elusive almost as the rainbow, or a woman's smile. I pass over here the dreams of delirium and the imaginations of those who have pursued Diana to their undoing.

* * * *

WE all have dreams—dreams of loveliness—dreams of achievement—dreams of horror. In artistic expression however, the quality of dreams has been seldom attempted—and I would like before I close, to mention, as it belongs to our subject, what, so far as I know, is the most successful dream picture ever accomplished. I refer to an engraving by Blake in his Book of Job series, to the lines: "With dreams upon my bed thou hast affrighted me, O Lord," which in its conception, design and execution has for me the very texture and quality of dreams.

OF the art of the insane Dr. Hyslop has given us many examples, and I need go no further in that direction. But of the attempt to express what we see in dreams I know but little. Things wear a different aspect.

* *

I once had a dream, or it may now have become a compound of dreams and of waking thoughts, that seems to me to hold in it almost all I can think of of evil and horror. There is a deep pool, as dreams will have it, and quite inconsequently, at Weybridge, a pool of dead and greasy waters, in which if one should dive, they would be too rotten to splash—like sleepy eyelids slowly disparting they would close again. I have a vision of a yellow frog-like man, yellow with unhealth and lack of light: the colour of grass that has lain under a plank, web fingered and web toed; his body spotted with green warts, and eyes like hard boiled eggs. He glides among the fat stalks of water plants waving slow and rank, in the dim oily recesses of the pool, the home of all things stagnant, filthy, muddy and obscene. Turgid



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# Edmund J. Sullivan

molluscs lie wallowing deep in the ooze, in hideous slow copulation; and with them heedless or heeding, lies all the lazy gallimaufry of a life almost too languid to procreate. There they lie—goggle-eyed amorphous lumps of viscous iridescent life—perhaps a slit mouth opening sideways, or a foot-long snout—jelly fish and mere transparent maws—transparent, brainless digestions and procreative glands—or tentacled squids, lump fish, and the evil slim fingered octopus—weird acolytes at the unholy and complex ritual of lust—dreaming only of lecheries they are too slothful to commit.

ON the encircling woods and forests that overhang this pool of dreams, flourish the huge cactus, the upas, and the blasted thunder stricken Tree of Knowledge—grown hollow and gnarled, with trailing vines of nightshade, and fœtid with all strange and noxious creeping and parasitic weeds. Rank undergrowths of poppy and mandragora—the screaming mandrake and all hideous and rotting fungi; spotted orchises and poison flowers stifle the swooning air and exhaust the lungs. These woods are peopled with flitting ghosts of unclean thoughts, and with the bodies of all unclean beasts and reptiles; and with lithe moving snakes, vampires, centipedes, scorpions and lice. Then troop in great mastodons and iguanodons, as huge as cathedrals, and little apes, and the little foxes that spoil the vines. They stand at gaze; and women appear—such women as one sees in fashion plates, mock innocent daughters of joy—all come to life, their hair dyed magenta with blood of victims; and their faces—a pretty innocent primrose, blushing with maiden emerald—leering with huge eyes askant and smiling with purple lips—these too appear—stand too at gaze—and then their eyes move, and they come forward—to kiss you with their button mouths. And witch-like procuresses, like dealers in bric-a-brac, whisper of hidden charms and offer old cracked goods as virgin purity for sale, like auctioneers. "But to you sir—for your beaux yeux alone—and a mere douceur perhaps."

THEN with gifts of wine like Circe's, and drowsy aromatic syrups, with poppied honey they lure you, lure you, lure you, deeper into the twilight dimness of the wood, where stands an altar—and you know that you yourself are the sacrifice prepared—and that the Gods they worship are more awful and obscene than they. And then half willing——

* *

OH — Thank God you wake, and the sun shines in Heaven. You welcome the Milkman going his rounds with chink and clink of pails and cans that ring in the ears as might the clank of the armour of the Archangel Michael himself come to succour; and "Milk O" has been as the battle cry of the innumerable heavenly host of seraphim.

* *

THE Rose of Beauty shall flourish from manure—shall transform the stench of ordure into its own fair scent. The louse may have flourished in the fair hair of Helen. God made Helen—he also made the louse.

YOU object—the statement is certainly what we have been talking about all the time—Grotesque. It is so largely a matter of order and presentation. The one who made the louse also made Helen of Troy who could confer immortality with a kiss—almost. And He who made Helen, made also Our Lady, "Sancta Maria, Mater Castissima Causa nostrae Lætitiæ, Rosa Mystica, Janua Coeli."

We are rooted in slime; yet out of the slime our brains are nourished, and reach the stars.



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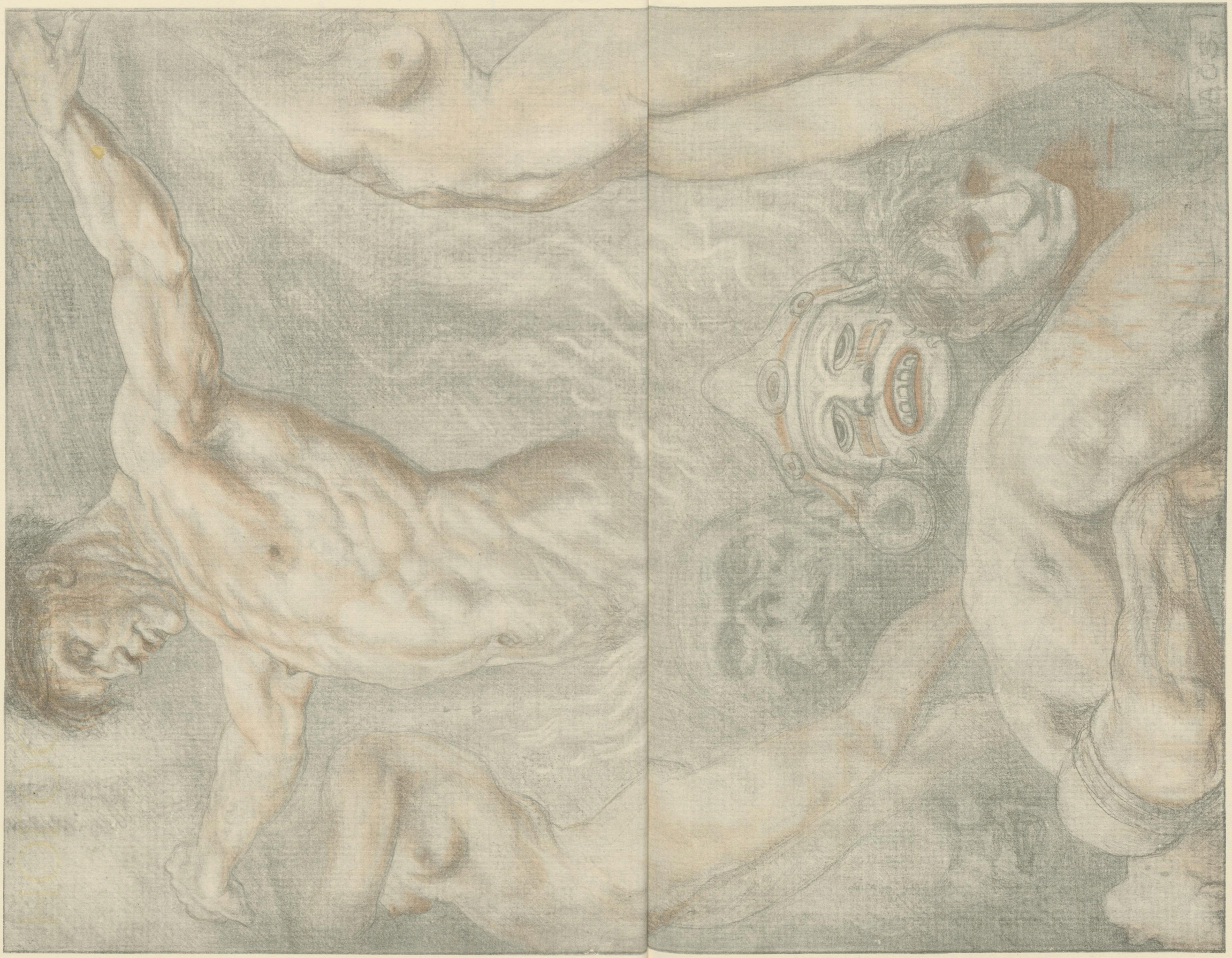

BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

HOLOCAUST

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# HEIRS OF ODIN

CAVERNS mouthed with blackness more
than night!
Feverous jungle, deep in strangling briar,
Venom-breeding slime that loathest light!
Who has plumbed your secret? Who the blind
desire
Hissing from the viper's lifted jaws,
Maddening the beast with scent of prey
Tracked through savage glooms on robber paws
Till the slaughter gluts him red and reeking? Nay,
Man, this breathing mystery, this intense
Body beautiful with thinking eyes,
Master of a spirit outsoaring sense,
Spirit of tears and laughter, who has measured all
Is he also the lair [the skies,
Of a lust, of a sting
That hides from the air
Yet is lurking to spring
From the nescient core
Of his fibre, alert
At the trumpet of war
And hungry to hurt,
When he hears from abysses of time
Aboriginal mutters replying
From something he knew not within him
To the Demon of Earth crying:
I am the will of the Fire
That bursts into boundless fury;
I am my own implacable desire.
I am the will of the Sea
That shoulders the ships and breaks them;
There is none other but me!

II.

HEAVY forests bred them,
The race that dreamed.
In the bones of savage earth
Their dreams had birth:
Darkness fed them.
And the full brain grossly teemed
With thoughts compressed, with rages
Obstinate, stark, obscure,
Thirsts that no time assuages
And centuries immure.
As the sap of trees, behind
Crumpled bark of bossy boles,
Presses up its juices blind,
Buried within their souls
The dream insatiate still
Nursed its fierceness old
And violent will
Haunted by twilight where the Gods drink full
Ere they renew their revelry of slaying.
And warriors leap like the lion on the bull
And harsh horns in the northern mist are braying.
Tenebrous in them lay the dream
Like a fire that under ashes
Smoulders heavy-heaped and dim
Yet with spurts and stealthy flashes
Sends a goblin shadow floating
Crooked on the rafters—then
Sudden from its den
Springs in splendour: so should burst
Destiny from dream, from thirst
Rapture gloating
On a vision of earth afar
Stretched for a prize and a prey,
And the secular might of the Gods re-arisen
Savage and glorious, awaiting its day,
Should shatter its ancient prison
And leap like the panther to slay
Magnificent! Storm, then, and thunder
The haughty to crush with the tame,
For the world is the strong man's plunder
Whose coming is swifter than flame;
And the nations unready, decayed,
Unworthy of fate and afraid
Shall be stricken and ploughed asunder
Or yield in shame.

III.

THE Dream is fulfilled.
Is it this that you willed,
O patient ones?
For this that you gave
Young to the grave
Your valiant sons?
For this that you wore
Brave faces, and bore
The burden heart-breaking—
Sublimely deceived,
You that bled and believed,—
For the Dream, or the Waking?

LAURENCE BINYON



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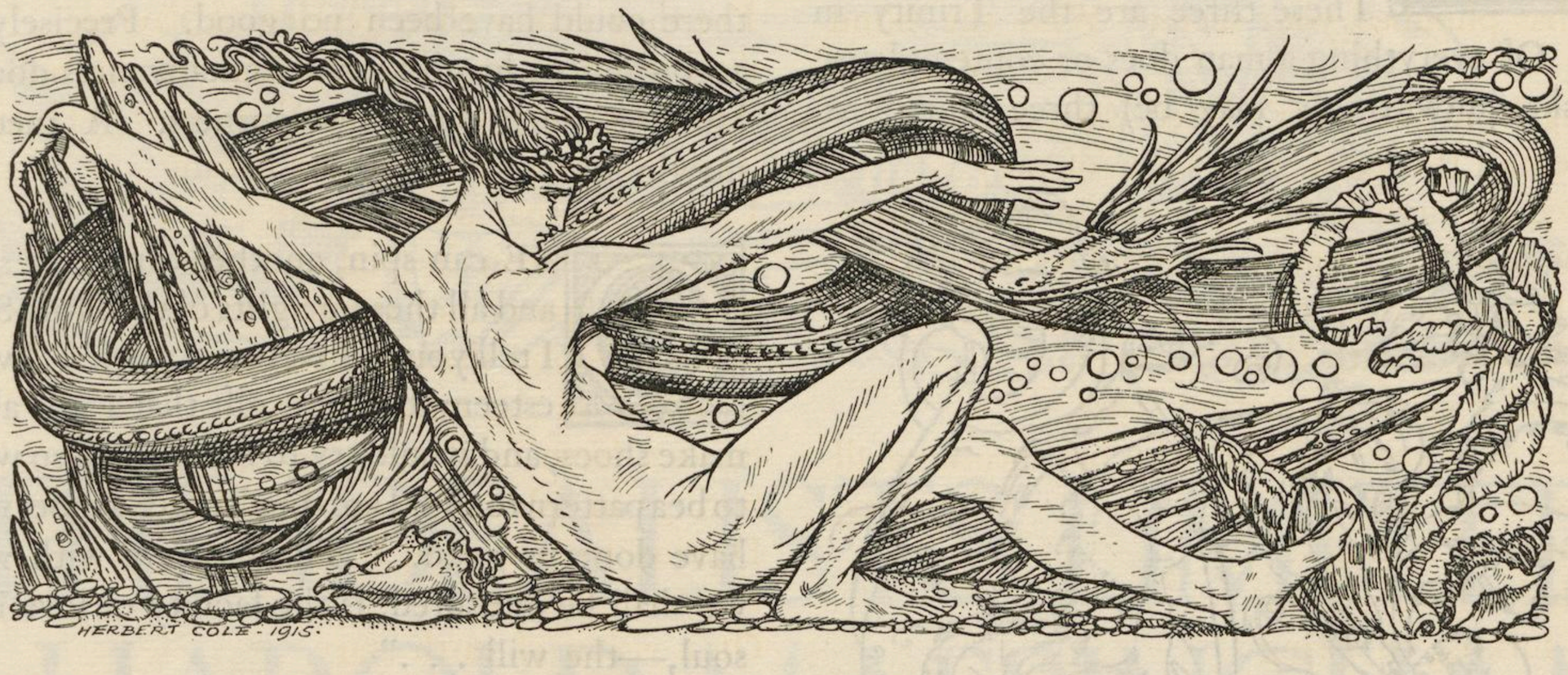


# IMITATION

## BY *LEONARD INKSTER*

IT is genius, not the medium in which genius expresses itself, that we have to praise. Whenever genius has shone forth, whether through letters or art or war, imitators have sprung up thinking that literature or art or war is itself the secret, and its practice admirable. Do not suppose that the latest sentimentalist who sacrifices herself nightly in the hospital has anything whatever in common with Florence Nightingale; it is the very essence of genius to meet its own individual circumstances, to break through onto its own paths.

THIS we may do, this imitate. Otherwise, "Imitate not at all" must be the motto of the new-old faith, the faith in consciousness and its fruits, the faith in creativeness.

"BUT all have not creative impulses, and most must imitate someone. And better imitate the best than the worst, Christ than Napoleon."

IS this really so? Will the men of the future not rather have the courage to see that it is no better to imitate Christ than Satan, the corruption of the best being worst? Saint Augustine said that the aim of men should not be to imitate even good men, but *to be* God. Men, he said, were not made in the image of other men.

And God is the Creator.

WELL, but all the ordinary people, are they not right in wishing to do that which will benefit humanity rather than that which will do harm? "We may not want to, yet we must" they say, "be secondhand. We cannot do things well; we had better do good things. We are not contemptible because we have no genius."



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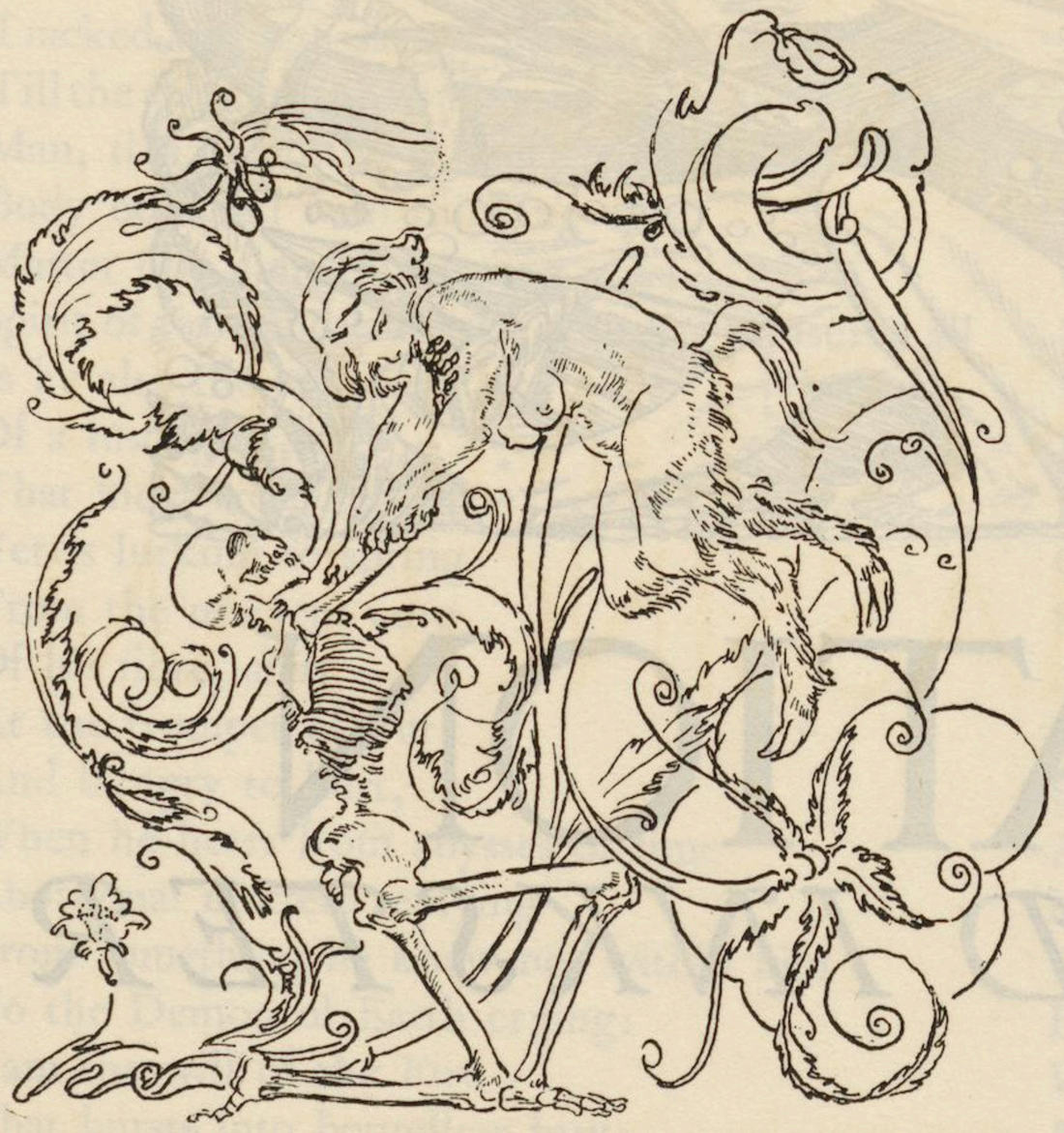
# Imitation by Leonard Inkster

IT seems to me that the nature of Man is subject to a threefold need: that for a man's perfect satisfaction at any, every, moment, he needs to possess goodness, beauty, truth. These three are the Trinity in One. Of everything a man does or contemplates, he asks (unwittingly may be) three questions.



"Is it a fact or an illusion; are it and its parts in fitting order; will it be fruitful or is it sterile?" Truth and Beauty do not refer to Time but goodness refers to the future, the peculiar pleasure given by goodness being that in which we are hopeful for the future, the good action, thought, or word, being pregnant with benefits. These benefits may accrue to ourselves or others, but at any rate the desire to "do good" by our thoughts, knowledge, poems, paintings, actions, lives, has reference to the consequences of these things, and it is a natural desire.

THE difficulty is, unless we will be simple, to trace these consequences and to define the word 'A benefit.' We may cast an action into the pool of Time and watch in vain for the ceasing of the ripples on the margin of Infinity.

YET at least we can be sure of this, that a beneficial action must bear a relation to man's threefold need, must have brought the beneficiare nearer to beauty, truth, and pregnancy. That is to say it must have touched his consciousness, and so must have been the fruit of consciousness. The creation may have entailed much evil, (if you like), but without creativeness there could have been no good. Precisely less according to his degree of imitativeness does the imitator touch our consciousness. A medieval mystic said,

"ONE can spin, another can make shoes; and all these are gifts of the Holy Spirit. I tell you, if I were not a priest, I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all." I am sure Tauler's shoes would have done us good. "The measure with which we shall be measured, is the faculty of love in the soul,—the will . . ."

DO the cold dispensers of charity, the hypocrites and pharisees in letters, the dull masters of mechanical war thrill us like Francis, Shakespeare, even Hannibal? Let us leave them and their death. For all have creations; all are creative; we all can develop a genius because we all are souls. And to do it we need that perfect receptivity which casteth out fear and pride, till at last our souls have power.

THE liberation of creative energy is to be believed in, then, because though the pursuit of Truth and the contemplation of Beauty are sufficient for two parts of our nature, we look also to the future, and live as men, in relation to men whose hearts we wish to move.

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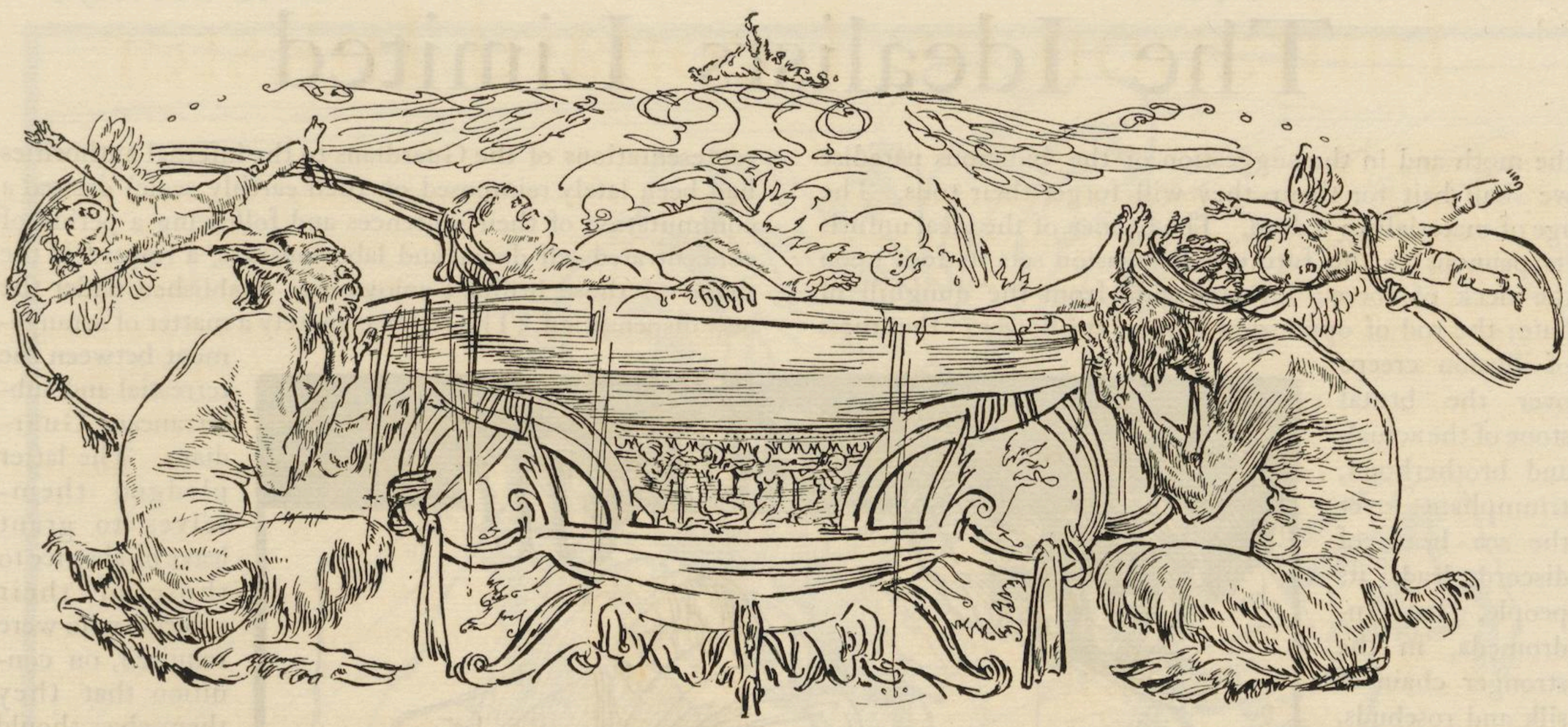

# THE IDEALISTS LIMITED

## BY HAROLD MASSINGHAM

N the twenty-fifth year of the twentieth century, the evolution of conditions in England had been considerably speeded up. The European war had been largely responsible for this desirable change of method. That cosmic epilepsy had, it is true, been of such benefit to the financial proprietors of the nation, that it might have tended to perpetuate rather than modify an obsolete system of governance. These shepherds of the national flocks had by it wielded the sceptre-crook of their office to some purpose. They had not only supplied the nation with the commodities necessary to life and the pursuance of the war, but with the raw material of money. And, in return for these considerations, the nation had very justly determined that it would make a more than adequate financial return for these commodities, were it to strip its skin for its benefactors and were the measure of the return one hundred fold in excess of the value of the commodities. For the money, it would supply them with a yearly income, in generous proportion to the amount of the loans, until their sum total, over and above the income, had been paid back in full. The material present of the national Guardians (in the neo-Platonic sense) was thus assured. And the timely imposition of compulsion had now only disposed of the predatory bands of wolves that prowled without the fold and threatened its security, but had doubly barricaded and interlaced with barbed-wire, the defensive works of the pens. But if there were compensations, there were also certain disadvantages. The Guardians' methods of self-maintenance had been a little obvious. Lawless opposition to them had been driven underground, rather than uprooted. The agency of force having been encouraged by the war, a soporific rather than a stimulant was needed for the public health. Security of tenure for the ample exercise of their services to the commonwealth was the first essential. The old policy had exhausted its possibilities; for new wine, a new bottle.

IT was the ascendancy of the Revivalist Monk, the founder of the Carmelite monastery, who had set a different orientation to the Guardians' vision. This great evangelist had effected the revolution of business. In a word, he substituted its romance for its realism. A Savonarola of the thronged highway rather than of the cell, he taught his fellow-Guardians that the devotion of the people were better cajoled than driven to their profitable charge. A well-regulated community, he argued, might be likened to a hive of bees. Could they conceive a hive without bees or bees without a hive? It was axiomatic that they were the hive, the repository of the honey of the bees, and the nation the bees. The problem of national prosperity, therefore, consisted at once in the amount of honey collected for the hive and the speed by which it was conveyed thereto. Goad the bees to the hive and they will faint with their burdens by the wayside; draw them to it by an allurement as potent as the lamp to



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# The Idealists Limited

the moth and in the suggestion of the judicious paradise we shall bait for them, they will forget their toils. The age of materialism is dead. The banner of the ideal unfurls its pennons to the future. Persuasion sets its foot upon the neck of force; love blossoms from the dunghill of hate; the rod of oppression bursts into flower; the moss of illusion creeps over the brutal stone of the actual, and brotherhood, triumphant over the sea-beast of discord, leads its people, its Andromeda, in the stronger chain of silk and rosebuds.

AND the Guardians prospered exceedingly. They put an iron girdle about the land and wrapped it in tissue paper. The tissue paper crackled, the girdle contracted and all within its circle were swept into their allegiance — not only the trades but the professions, not only facts but ideas, not only men but the minds of men, not only men's five senses but his sixth, not only the devil but God, not only life but death.

FOR in the year 1925, the commission of psychical experts, under the auspices of the National Telepathic Company, issued their report. Not only was the problem of communication with the dead solved by means of wireless installations, but the dead themselves, overwhelmed by the accounts of so harmonious and ordered a community, were importuning the company for a temporary relief from their extra-mundane immortality. Nor were any distinctions of classes observed in these supplications. Petitions for a new sojourn upon the earth had been notified alike from the rich and the poor, the good and the wicked. The rich and the good, of course, were anxious to recover the status of an enhanced legislative responsibility; the poor and the wicked (whose penalties on the representations of the Guardians to the infernal authorities had been lately reimposed on their earthly scale) desired a commutation of their sentences and following a period of concentrated self-denial and laboriousness, a reward in the shape of those brilliant enjoyments established under the new dispensation. The rest was merely a matter of arrangement between the terrestial and subterranean Guardians. The latter pledged themselves to grant leave of absence to those of their subjects who were required, on condition that they themselves should subsequently taste the blessings of financial governance enjoyed by the earthly Guardians. A far graver difficulty than the means of transit from the one region to the other was the choice of passengers. Who should be the first visitor? What qualifications would be desirable and what denizen of the underworld would satisfy these qualifications? All were agreed that he must be a recommendation to the people of the Perfect State in which they were privileged to live. He must, therefore, be in the first place subordinate to the will of the Guardians, in the second place a symbol of the idealistic revolution and thirdly a magnet for the attraction of the people—in a word, a good advertising agent and a good watch dog for the sheep. He must, that is to say, be a man either of loftiness of sentiment and simplicity or a man of definable ambitions and so within the scope of gratification — and of a certain subtlety, a certain wiliness of temperament. Unfortunately, the Guardians were so preoccupied with the administration of their national estate, that they were not aware of the names, psychology or circumstances of any of the dead, much less of a candidate suitable to their purpose. The task therefore devolved upon their historian



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# RUMOURS

By Frederick Carter

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# The Idealists Limited

employees and the most conflicting opinions raged about their deliberations. One party suggested Dr. Pangloss, as one whose optimism might affect others as credulous as himself with a faith superior to the deceptions of optical evidence. But he was vetoed on the ground that so fluid an optimism was not easy to circumscribe. One of the very few malcontents that were left might gain his ear and so extend his faith to the ruled as well as the rulers. Iago and Machiavelli were rejected, on one count because they were too inclined to theory for their work and on another, because their practices and their times were perhaps too scrupulous for industrial exigencies. The methods of the Duke of Alva on the other hand were a little too direct. He was more soldier than courtier. The imagination of Titus Oates, again, was too finikin, while Touchstone's simplicity was more prosaic than romantic. Nero had too much of an eye for the colour and artistry of his actions, rather than for their Business Results. Pope Alexander VI. or Messalina might be trusted to organise the captivating pomps of industry, but not to consider the essential cheapness of the cost. But it was Professor Callisthenes who finally settled the discussions. His eyes possessed with the frenzy of inspiration, he leapt to his feet, thumped the council-table with his fist and in a shrill voice, exclaimed "Don Quixote!"

DON Quixote set his plump new horse to a trot as he climbed Fleet Street from the foot of Ludgate Hill. On his head he wore a helmet wrought into the semblance of an ointment box. Round his neck, as far as his waist, with openings for the arms, was fitted a sardine tin, to serve him for body-armour, on the back and front of which were painted allegorical devices, representing a miraculous draught of fishes. His arms were thrust into heavily gilt and cylindrical pill-boxes; while the ten fingers of his whitened gauntlets were perforated in such a way as to resemble incandescent gas mantles. His lance was sprayed out into the likeness of a fish's tail at the base and carved into the likeness of a fish's mouth at the tip and was so rounded at the middle, that he was at some ado to grasp it. By a mechanical contrivance automatically manœuvred within the lance, drops of oil spurted from time to time from the gaping mouth. His shield had the appearance of a gigantic ledger and the sword that hung by his side was made in the image of a fountain pen. The greaves about his legs were fashioned in the shape of a whisky bottle, broad at the knee and calf and narrow at the ankle. His horse was richly caparisoned with a cloth of gold, hung at its edges with many-coloured tassels. To the tassels were suspended all manner of domestic utensils, remedies for dyspepsia, preparations for the hair and skin, perfumes, sweetmeats, ribbons, shoe-buckles, hose, paper-flowers, tonics, sauce bottles and false teeth. But to Don Quixote it seemed that he rode in the enchanted cave of Montresinas. The street was of porphyry; the newspaper-offices the palaces of benevolent wizards and the acclamations of the multitudes that pressed about him a hymn of thanksgiving for deliverance. He was their paladin, their crusader—the sword of chivalry strapped at his side, clad in the armour of righteousness and bearing the cornucopia of all men's needs, the abundance of happiness, good-will and all delights. And as he passed by the law-courts, the residence of Amadis of Gaul, he saluted them, so that his arms and accoutrements rattled and clanged resoundingly. And, casting his eyes upwards, he beheld the statue of an august queen, who formerly ruled over the land. To whom, raising his hand aloft, he cried out in a loud voice—"O peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, these arms, the tokens of many a hard-fought field, the ransom of the people of this land, I lay at thy feet."

BUT it happened that as he alighted from his horse, he perceived coming towards him, harnessed to a massive cart, pyramided with coal, his Rosinante, his Rosinante of whom he had been deprived as hardly befitting his high estate, his Rosinante, withers strained, nostrils snorting, feet stumbling, eyes distended with terror and the carter's whip curling about his loins. And, at that moment, the porphyry of the street crumbled into dust; the palaces grimaced their evil sorceries at him; the law-courts stretched their giant's maw; the exultance of the mob was as the howling of starved beasts and Dulcinea, to whom all kingdoms were gawds, was struck into grotesque and impenetrable bronze. He dashed his armour into the dust of the street and grasping only his lance, that still dripped with oil from its fish's mouth, he unhitched Rosinante from the traces, leapt on to his back and, throwing the carter to the ground, set off down the street with what speed he might. He looked neither to the left nor to the right, but coming upon that House of Self-Rimmon, the Chamber of Commerce where the Guardians transacted their affairs, he charged blindly against it, shivering his lance against the marble porticoes.

A day or two later and now recovered of his wounds, his captors, who were at some ado to save him from the violence of the mob, led him bound through the streets. They led him to the crest of Hampstead Heath and, unfastening his fetters, bade him to begone. And Don Quixote turned his eyes to where the city steamed below him. "I have conquered, for in every one of you I leave a portion of my spirit" he said, and passed with Rosinante into the underworld.

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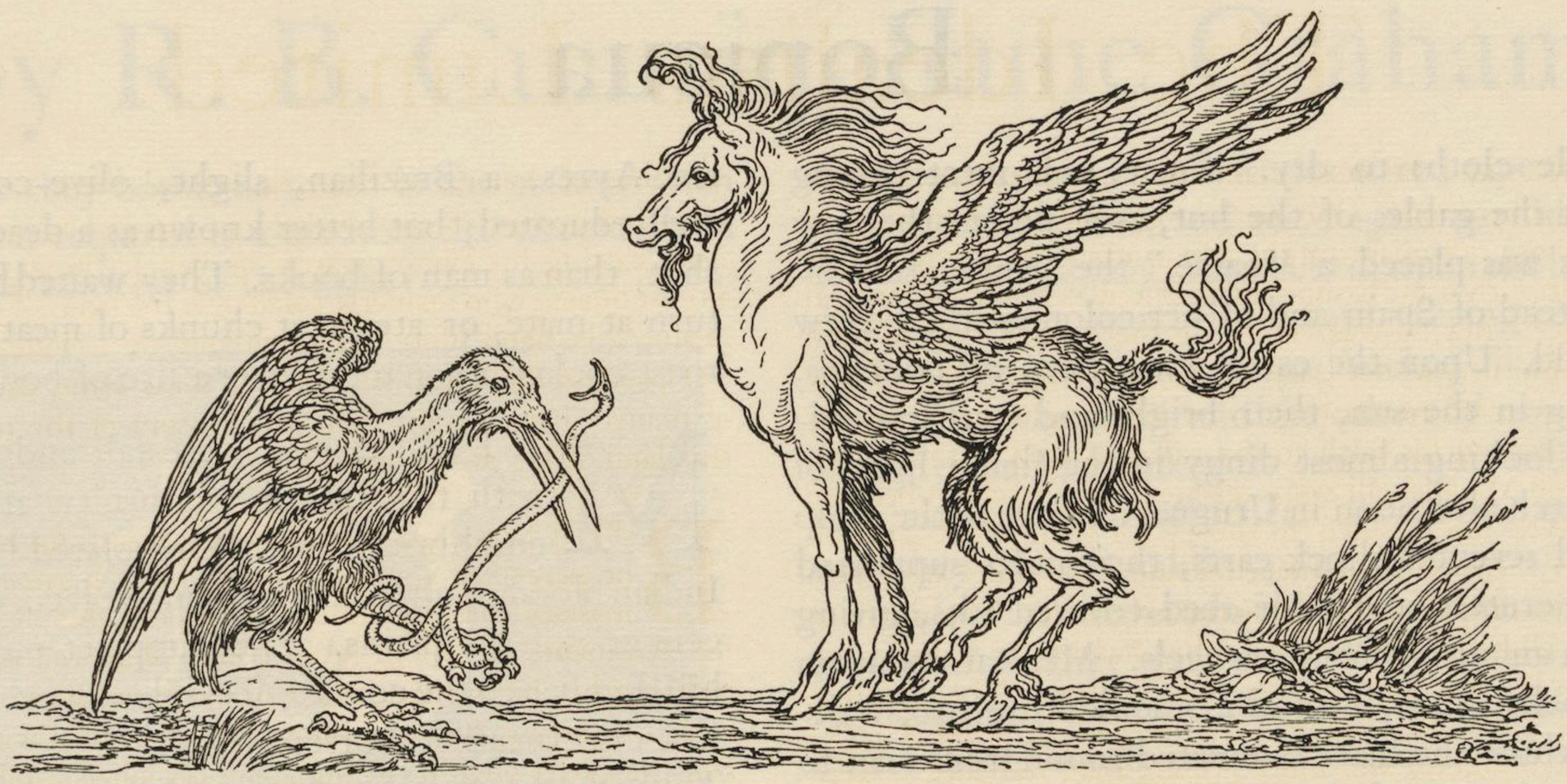

# BOPICUA

## BY R.B.CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE great corral at Bopicua was full of horses. Greys, browns, bays, blacks, duns, chestnuts, roans (both blue and red), skewbalds and piebalds, with claybanks, calicos, buckskins and a hundred shades and markings, unknown in Europe, but each with its proper name in Uruguay and Argentina, jostled each other, forming a kaleidoscopic mass.

A thick dust rose from the corral and hung above their heads. Sometimes the horses stood all huddled up, gazing with wide distended eyes and nostrils towards a group of men that lounged about the gate. At other times that panic fear that seizes upon horses when they are crushed together in large quantities, set them a galloping. Through the dust-cloud their footfalls sounded muffled, and they themselves appeared like phantoms in a mist. When they had circled round a little, they stopped and those outside the throng, craning their heads down nearly to the ground, snorted, and then ran back, arching their necks and carrying their tails like flags. Outside the great corral was set Parodis' camp, below some China trees, and formed of corrugated iron and hides, set on short uprights, so that the hides and iron almost came down upon the ground, in gipsy fashion. Upon the branches of the trees were hung saddles, bridles, halters, hobbles, lazos and boleadoras, and underneath were spread out



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# Bopicua

saddle cloths to dry. Pieces of meat swung from the gables of the hut, and under the low eaves was placed a "catre," the canvas scissor-bedstead of Spain and of her colonies in the New World. Upon the catre was a heap of ponchos, airing in the sun, their bright and startling colours looking almost dingy in the fierce light of a March afternoon in Uruguay. Close to the camp stood several bullock carts, their poles supported on a crutch, and their reed-covered tilts, giving them an air of huts on wheels. Men sat about on bullocks' skulls, around a smouldering fire, waiting whilst the maté circulated round from man to man, after the fashion of a loving-cup.

PARODI the stiff-jointed son of Italian parents, a gaucho as to clothes and speech, but still half European in his lack of comprehension of the ways of a wild horse. Arena the Capataz from Entre Rios, thin, slight and nervous, a man who had, as he said, in his youth known how to read and even to guide the pen; but who "things of this world had now turned quite unlettered, and made him more familiar with the lazo and the spurs." The mulato Pablo Suarez, active and catlike, a great race rider and horse tamer, short and deep-chested, with eyes like those of a black leopard, and toes prehensile as a monkey's that clutched the stirrups when a wild colt began to buck so that they could not touch its flanks. They and Miguel Paralelo, tall, dark and handsome, the owner of some property, but drawn by the excitement of a cowboy's life to work for wages, so that he could enjoy the risk of venturing his neck each day on a baguâl, with other peons as El Correntino and Venancio Baez sat around the fire. With them was Manuel el Madrileño, a Spanish horse coper, who had experienced the charm of Gaucho life, together with Silvestre Ayres, a Brazilian, slight, olive-coloured, well-educated; but better known as a dead pistol shot, than as man of books. They waited for their turn at maté, or ate great chunks of meat from a roast cooked upon a spit over a fire of bones.

MOST of the men were tall and sinewy, with that air of taciturnity and self-equilibrium that their isolated lives and Indian blood so often stamp upon the faces of those centaurs of the plains. The camp set on a little hill dominated the country for miles on every side. Just underneath it, horses and more horses grazed. Towards the west, it stretched out to the woods that fringe the Uruguay which, with its countless islands, flowed between great tracks of forest and formed the frontier with the Argentine.

BETWEEN the camp and the corrals smouldered a fire of bones and ñandubay, and by it leaning up against a rail, were set the branding irons that had turned the horses in the corral into the property of the British Government. All round the herd enclosed, ran horses neighing, seeking their companions, who were to graze no more at Bopicua, but be sent off by train and ship to the battlefields of Europe, to die and suffer, for they knew not what, leaving their pastures and their innocent comradeship with one another, till the judgment day. Then I am sure, for God must have some human feeling after all, things will be explained to them, light come into their semi-darkness, and they will feed in prairies where the grass fades not, and springs are never dry, freed from the saddle, and with no cruel spur to urge them on, they know not where or why.

FOR weeks we had been choosing out the doomed five hundred. Riding, inspecting, and examining from dawn till evening, till it appeared that not a single equine imperfection could have escaped our eyes. The gauchos who think that they alone know anything about a horse, were all struck dumb with sheer amazement. It seemed to them astonishing to take such pains to select horses that for the most part would be killed in a few months. "These men," they said, "certainly all are doctors at the job. They know the least defect, can tell what a horse thinks about and why. Still none of them can ride a horse, if he but shakes his ears. In their bag, surely there is a cat shut up of some kind or another. If not,



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# by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

why do they bother so much in the matter, when all that is required is something that can carry one into the thickest of the fight?"

THE sun began to slant a little and we had still three leagues to drive the horses to the pasture where they had to pass the night for the last time in freedom, before they were entrained. Our horses stood outside of the corral, tied to the posts, some saddled with the "recado," its heads adorned with silver, some with the English saddle, that out of England has such a strange unserviceable look, much like a saucepan on a horse's back. Just as we were about to mount, a man appeared driving a point of horses, which he said "to leave would be a crime against the sacrament." "These are all pingos," he exclaimed, "fit for the saddle of the Lord on High, all of them are bitted in the Brazilian style; can turn upon a spread out saddle cloth, and all of them can gallop round a bullock's head upon the ground, so that the rider can keep his hand upon it all the time." The speaker by his accent was a Brazilian. His face was olive coloured, his hair had the suspicion of a kink. His horse, a cream-colour, with black tail and mane, was evidently only half tamed and snorted loudly as it bounded here and there, making its silver harness jingle, and the rider's poncho flutter in the air. Although time pressed, the man's address was so persuasive, his appearance so much in character, with his great silver spurs just hanging from his heel, his jacket turned up underneath his elbow by the handle of his knife, and to speak truth the horses looked so good and in such high condition that we determined to examine them and told their owner to drive them into a corral.

ONCE again we commenced the work that we had done so many times, of mounting and examining. Once more we fought trying to explain the mysteries of red tape to unsophisticated minds, and once again our "domadores" sprang lightly, barebacked, upon the horses they had never seen before, with varying results. Some of the Brazilian's horses bucked like antelopes. El Correntino and the others of our men, sitting them barebacked as easily as an ordinary man, rides over a small fence. To all our queries why they did not saddle up, we got one answer: "To ride with the recado is but a pastime only fit for boys." So they went on, pulling the horses up in three short bounds, nostrils aflame and tails and manes tossed wildly in the air, only a yard or two from the corral. Then slipping off, gave their opinion, that the particular "bayo," "zaino" or "gateao," was just the thing to mount a lancer on, and that the speaker thought he could account for a good tale of Boches if he were over there in the Great War. This same great war, which they called "barbarous," taking a secret pleasure in the fact that it showed Europeans not a whit more civilised than they themselves, appeared to them something in the way of a great pastime from which they were debarred.

MOST of them when they sold a horse looked at him and remarked "Pobrecito, you will go to the Great War," just as a man looks at his son who is about to go, with feelings of mixed admiration and regret.

AFTER we had examined all the Brazilian's "Tropilla" so carefully that he said, "By Satan's death, your graces know far more about my horses than I myself, and all I wonder is that you do not ask me if all of them have not complied with all the duties of the church," we found that about twenty of them were fit for the Great War. Calling upon Parodi, and the Capataz of Bopicua (who all the time had remained seated round the smouldering fire and drinking maté), to prepare the branding irons, the peons led them off, our head man calling out "Artilleria," or "Caballeria" according to their size. After the branding, on the hip for cavalry and on the neck for the artillery, a peon cut their manes off, making them as ugly as a mule, as their late owner said, and we were once more ready for the road, after the payment had been made. This took a little time, either because the Brazilian could not count or perhaps because of his great caution, for he would not take payment, except horse by horse.



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# Bopicua

So, driving out the horses one by one, we placed a roll of dollars in his hand as each one passed the gate. Even then each roll of dollars had to be counted separately; for time is what men have the most at their disposal in places such as Bopicua.

TWO hours of sunset still remained, with three long leagues to cover, for in those latitudes there is no twilight, night succeeding day just as films follow one another in a cinematograph. At last it all was over and we were free to mount. Such sort of drives are of the nature of a sport in South America, and so the Brazilian drove off the horses that we had rejected, half a mile away leaving them with a negro boy to herd, remarking that the rejected were as good or better than those that we had bought, and after cinching up his horse prepared to ride with us. Before we started, a young man rode up, dressed like an exaggerated gaucho, in loose black trousers, poncho and a "golilla" round his neck, a lazo hanging from the saddle, a pair of boleadoras peeping beneath his cojinillo, and a long silver knife stuck in his belt. It seemed he was the son of an estanciero who was studying law in Buenos Aires, but had returned for his vacation and, hearing of our drive, had come to ride with us and help us in our task. No one on such occasions is to be despised, so thanking him for his good intentions, to which he answered that he was a "partizan of the Allies, lover of liberty and truth and was well on in all his studies, especially in International Law," we mounted, the gauchos floating almost imperceptibly, without an effort, to their seats, the European with that air of escalading a ship's side that differentiates us from man less civilized.

DURING the operations with the Brazilian, the horses had been let out of the corral to feed and now were being held back "en pastoreo" as it is called in Uruguay, that is to say watched at a little distance by mounted men. Nothing remained but to drive out of the corral the horses bought from the Brazilian and let them join the larger herd. Out they came like a string of wild geese, neighing and looking round, and then instinctively made towards the others that were feeding, and were swallowed up amongst them. Slowly we rode towards the herd, sending on several well mounted men upon its flanks, and with precaution, for of all living animals tame horses most easily take fright upon the march, and separate with each one going his own way. Then we got on a well marked trail that led towards the gate of Bopicua, and started on our drive.

AT first they moved a little sullenly and as if surprised. Then the contagion of emotion that spreads so rapidly amongst animals upon the march seemed to inspire them and the whole herd broke into a light trot. That is the moment that a stampede may happen, and accordingly we pulled our horses to a walk, whilst the men riding on the flanks forged slowly to the front, ready for anything that might occur. Gradually the trot slowed down, and we saw as it were a sea of manes and tails in front of us, emerging from a cloud of dust, from which shrill neighings and loud snortings rose. They reached a hollow, in which were several pools, and stopped to drink, all crowding into the shallow water, where they stood pawing up the mud and drinking greedily. Time pressed; and as we knew there was water in the pasture where they were to sleep, we pressed them back upon the trail, the water dripping from their muzzles and their tails, and the black mud clinging to the hair upon their fetlocks, and in drops upon their backs. Again they broke into a trot, but this time as they had got into control we did not check them, for there was still a mile to reach the gate.

PASSING some smaller mudholes, the body of a horse lay near to one of them, horribly swollen and with its stiff legs hoisted a little in the air by the distension of its flanks. The passing horses edged away from it in terror, and a young roan snorted and darted like an arrow from the herd. Quick as was the dart he made, quicker still



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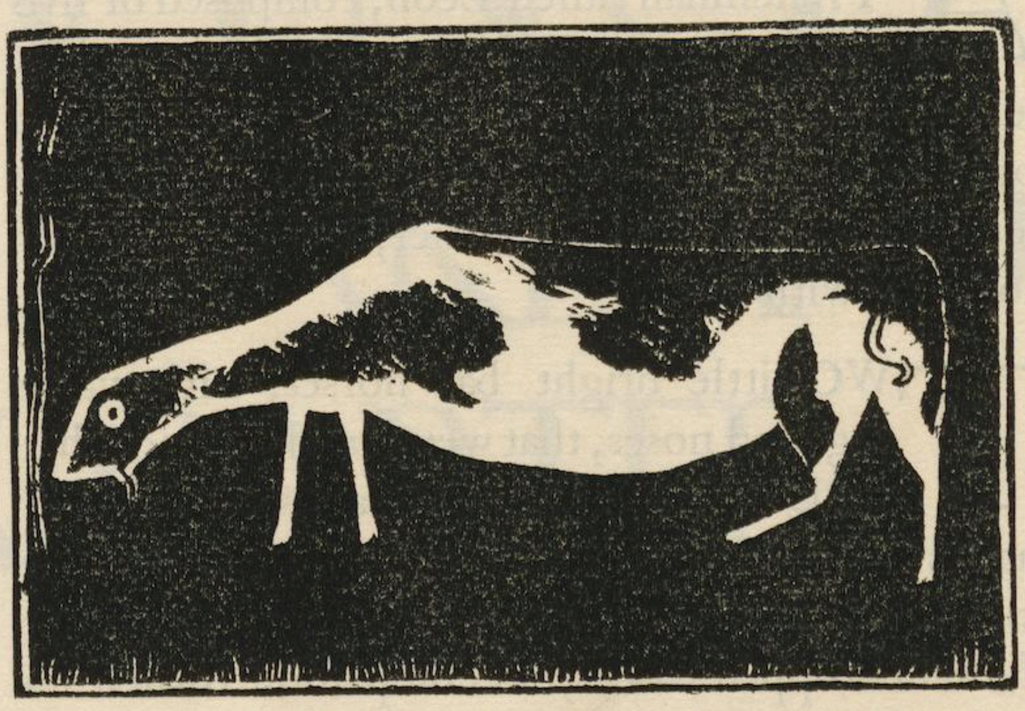
# by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

El Correntino wheeled his horse on its hind legs and rushed to turn him back. With his whip whirling round his head he rode to head the truant who, with tail floating in the air, had got a start of him of about fifty yards. We pressed instinctively upon the horses; but not so closely as to frighten them, though still enough to be able to stop another of them from cutting out. The Correntino on a half tamed grey, which he rode with a raw-hide thong bound round its lower jaw, for it was still unbitted, swaying with every movement in his saddle which he hardly seemed to grip, so perfect was his balance, rode at a slight angle to the runaway and gained at every stride. His hat blew back and, kept in place by a black ribbon, underneath his chin, framed his head like an aureole. The red silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck fluttered beneath it; and as he dashed along, his lazo coiled upon his horse's croup, rising and falling with each bound, his eyes fixed on the flying roan, he might have served a sculptor as the model for a centaur, so much did he and the wild colt he rode seem indivisible.

IN a few seconds, which to us seemed minutes, for we feared the infection might have spread to the whole "caballada," the Correntino headed and turned the roan, who came back at three-quarter speed, craning his neck out first to one side, then to the other, as if he still thought that a way lay open for escape.

BY this time we had reached the gates of Bopicua, and still seven miles lay between us and our camping ground, with a fast declining sun. As the horses passed the gate, we counted them, an operation of some difficulty when time presses and the count is large. Nothing is easier than to miss animals; that is to say for Europeans, however practised, but the lynx-eyed gauchos never are at fault. "Where is the little brown horse with a white face, and a bit broken out of his near fore-foot?" they will say; and ten to one that horse is missing, for what they do not know about the appearance of a horse would not fill many books. Only a drove road lay between Bopicua and the great pasture, at whose far away extremity the horses were to sleep. When the last animal had passed, and the great gates swung to, the young law student rode up to my side, and looking at the "great tropilla" as he called it, said "morituri te salutant. This is the last time they will feed in Bopicua." We turned a moment and the falling sun lit up the undulating plain, gilding the cottony tufts of the long grasses, falling upon the dark, green leaves of the low trees around Parodis camp, glinting across the belt of wood that fringed the Uruguay and striking full upon a white estancia house in Entre Rios, making it appear quite close at hand, although four leagues away.

TWO or three hundred yards from the great gateway stood a little native hut, as unsophisticated, but for a telephone, as were the Gauchos huts in Uruguay, as I remember them, full thirty years ago. A wooden barrel on a sledge for bringing water, had been left, close to the door, at which the occupant sat drinking maté, tapping with a long knife upon his boot. Under a straw-thatched shelter stood a saddled horse, and a small boy upon a pony slowly drove up a flock of sheep. A blue, fine smoke that rose from a few smouldering logs and bones, blended so completely with the air that one was not quite sure if it was really smoke, or the reflection of the distant Uruguay against the atmosphere.



NOT far off lay the bones of a dead horse with bits of hide adhering to them, shrivelled into mere parchment by the sun. All this I saw as in a camera lucida, seated a little sideways on my horse, and thinking sadly that I too had looked my last on Bopicua. It is not given to all men after a break of years to come back to the scenes of youth, and still find in them the same zest as of old. To return again to all the cares of life called civilised, with all its littlenesses, its newspapers all full of nothing, its sordid aims disguised under high-sounding nicknames, its hideous riches and its sordid poverty, its want of human sympathy, and above all its barbarous war brought on it by the folly of its rulers, was not just at that moment an alluring thought, as I felt



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# Bopicua

the little "malacara" that I rode twitching his bridle striving to be off. When I had touched him with the spur, he bounded forward and soon overtook the caballada, and the place which for so many months had been part of my life sank out of sight, just as an island in the tropics fades from view, as the ship leaves it, as it were, hull down.

WHEN we had passed into the great enclosure of La Pileta, and still four or five miles remained to go, we pressed the caballada into a long trot at times, certain that the danger of a stampede was past. Wonderful and sad it was to ride behind so many horses, trampling knee-high through the wild grasses of the Camp, snorting and biting at each other and all unconscious that they would never more career across the plains. Strange and affecting too to see how those who had known each other all kept together in the midst of the great herd, resenting all attempts of their companions to separate them.

A "tropilla" that we had bought from a Frenchman called Leon, composed of five brown horses, had ranged itself around its bell mare, a fine chestnut, like a body-guard. They fought off any of the other horses who came near her, and seemed to look at her, both with affection and with pride.

TWO little bright bay horses, with white legs and noses, that were brothers and what in Uruguay are known as "seguidores," that is one followed the other wherever it might go, ran on the outskirts of the herd. When either of them stopped to eat, its companion turned its head and neighed to it, when it came galloping up. Arena, our head man, riding beside me on a skewbald, looked at them and after dashing forward to turn a runaway, wheeled round his horse almost in the air, and stopped it in a bound, so suddenly that for an instant they stood poised like an equestrian statue, looked at the "Seguidores" and remarked, "Patron, I hope one shell will kill them both in the Great War if they have got to die!" I did not answer except to curse the Boches with all the intensity the Spanish tongue commands. The young law student added his testimony and we rode on in silence.

A passing sleeve of locusts almost obscured the declining sun. Some flew against our faces, reminding me of the fight Cortes had with the Indians not far from Vera Cruz, which Bernal Diaz says was obstructed for a moment by a flight of locusts, that came so thickly that many lost their lives by the neglect to raise their bucklers against what they thought were locusts, and in reality were arrows that the Indians shot. The effect was curious as the insects flew against the horses, some clinging to their manes, and others making them bob up and down their heads, just as a man does in a driving shower of hail. We reached a narrow causeway that formed the passage through a marsh. On it the horses crowded, making us hold our breath for fear that they would push each other off into the mud, which had no bottom upon either side. When we emerged and cantered up a little hill, a lake lay at the foot of it, and beyond it was a wood, close to a railway siding. The evening was now closing in, but there was still a good half hour of light. As often happens in South America, the wind dropped to a dead calm, and passing little clouds of locusts feeling the night approach dropped into the long grass just as a flying fish drops into the waves, with a harsh whirring of their gauzy wings.

THE horses smelt the water at the bottom of the hill, and the whole five hundred broke into a gallop, manes flying, tails raised high, and we feeling somehow the gallop was the last, raced madly by their side, until within a hundred yards or so of the great lake. They rushed into the water and all drank greedily, the setting sun falling upon their many coloured backs, and giving the whole herd the look of a vast tulip field. We kept away so as to let them drink their fill, and then leading our horses to the margin of the lake, dismounted, and taking out their bits, let them drink, with the air of one accomplishing a rite, no matter if they raised their heads a dozen times, and then began again.

SLOWLY Arena, El Correntino, Paralelo, Suarez and the rest drove out the herd to pasture in the deep, lush grass. The rest of us rode up some rising ground towards the wood. There we drew up and looking back towards the plain on which the horses seemed to have dwindled to the size of sheep, in the half light, some one, I think it was Arena, or perhaps Pablo Suarez, spoke their elegy, "Eat well," he said, "there is no grass like that of La Pileta, to where you go across the sea; the grass in Europe all must smell of blood."



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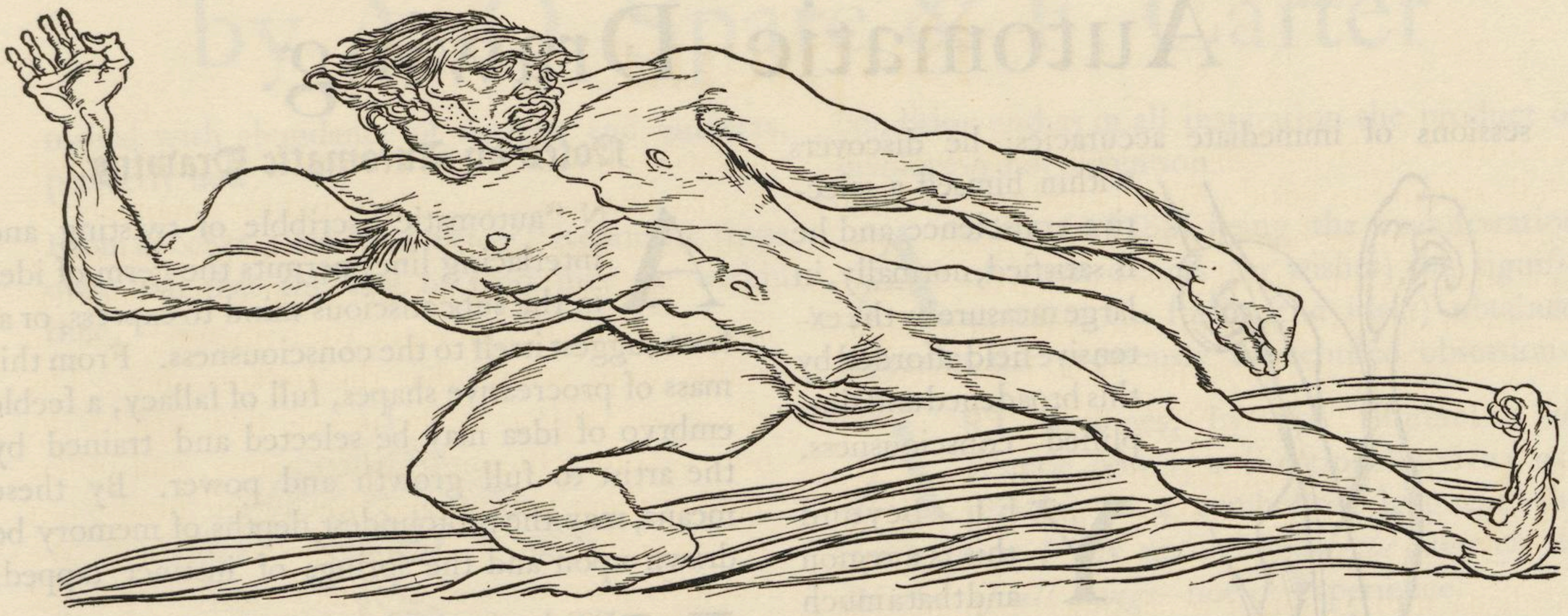
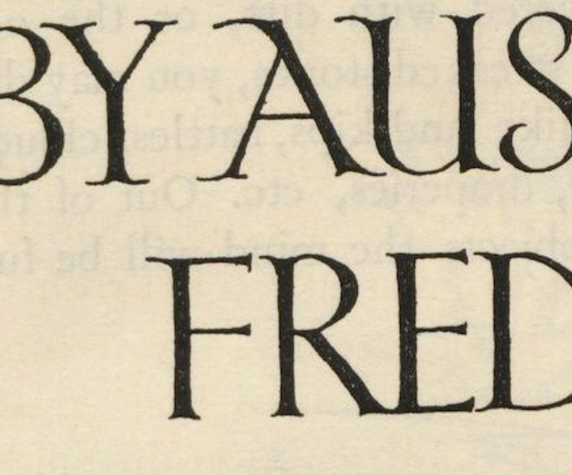


# AUTOMATIC DRAWING

## BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FREDERICK CARTER



UT OF THE FLESH OF OUR MOTHERS COME DREAMS AND MEMORIES OF THE GODS. Of other kind than the normal inducement of interest and increasing skill, there exists a continual pressure upon the artist of which he is sometimes partially conscious but rarely entirely aware. He learns early or late in his career that power of literal reproduction (such as that of the photographic apparatus) is not more than slightly useful to him. He is compelled to find out from his artist predecessors the existence, in representation of real form, of super-



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# Automatic Drawing

sessions of immediate accuracies; he discovers within himself a selective conscience and he is satisfied, normally, in large measure by the extensive field afforded by this broadened and simplified consciousness.

YET beyond this is a region and that a much greater one, for exploration. The objective understanding, as we see, has to be attacked by the artist and a subconscious method, for correction of conscious visual accuracy, must be used. No amount of manual skill and consciousness of error will produce good drawing. A recent book on drawing by a well-known painter is a case in point; there the examples of masters of draughtsmanship may be compared with the painter - author's own, side by side, and the futility of mere skill and interest examined. Therefore to proceed further, it is necessary to dispose of the "subject" in art also (that is to say the subject in the illustrative or complex sense). Thus to clear the mind of inessentials permits through a clear and transparent medium, without prepossessions of any kind, the most definite and simple forms and ideas to attain expression.

## Notes on Automatic Drawing.

AN "automatic" scribble of twisting and interlacing lines permits the germ of idea in the subconscious mind to express, or at least suggest itself to the consciousness. From this mass of procreative shapes, full of fallacy, a feeble embryo of idea may be selected and trained by the artist to full growth and power. By these means, may the profoundest depths of memory be drawn upon and the springs of instinct tapped.

YET let it not be thought that a person not an artist may by these means become one: but those artists who are hampered in expression, who feel limited by the hard conventions of the day and wish for freedom, who strive for self expression but have not attained to it, these may find in it a power and a liberty elsewhere undiscoverable. Thus writes Leonardo da Vinci:—"Among other things, I shall not scruple to discover a new method of assisting the invention; which though trifling in appearance, may yet be of considerable service in opening the mind and putting it upon the scent of new thoughts, and it is this: if you look at some old wall covered with dirt, or the odd appearance of some streaked stones, you may discover several things like landskips, battles, clouds, uncommon attitude, draperies, etc. Out of this confused mass of objects the mind will be fur-

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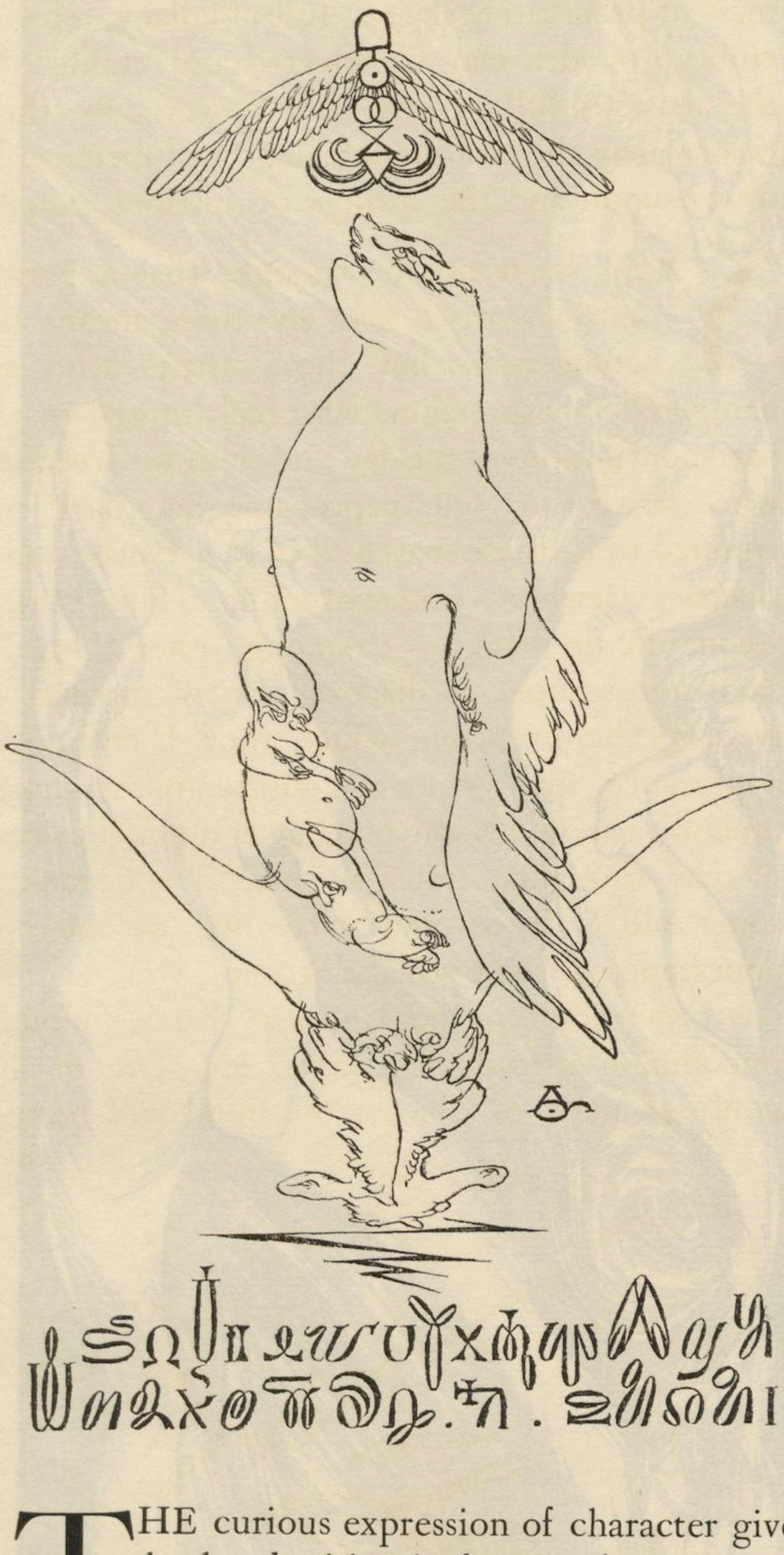
nished with abundance of designs and subjects, perfectly new."

From another, a mystical writer "Renounce thine own will that the law of God may be within thee."



THE curious expression of character given by handwriting is due to the automatic or unconscious nature that it acquires by habit. So Automatic drawing, one of the simplest of psychic phenomena, is a means of characteristic expression and, if used with courage and honesty, of recording subconscious activities in the mind. The mental mechanisms used are those common in dreams, which create quick perception of relations in the unexpected, as wit, and psycho-neurotic symptoms. Hence it appears that single or non-consciousness is an essential condition and as in all inspiration the product of involution not invention.

AUTOMATISM being the manifestation of latent desires (or wishes) the significance of the forms (the ideas) obtained represent the previously unrecorded obsessions.

ART becomes, by this illuminism or ecstatic power, a functional activity expressing in a symbolical language the *desire towards joy* unmodified—*the sense of the Mother of all things*—not of experience.

THIS means of vital expression releases the fundamental static truths which are repressed by education and customary habit and lie dormant in the mind. It is the means of becoming courageously individual; it implies spontaneity and disperses the cause of unrest and *ennui*.

THE dangers of this form of expression come from prejudice and personal bias of such nature as fixed intellectual conviction or personal religion (intolerance). These



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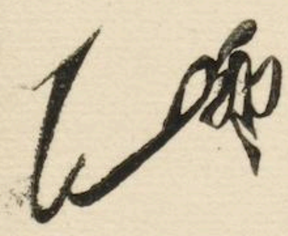
# Automatic Drawing

produce ideas of threat, displeasure or fear, and become obsessions.

IN the ecstatic condition of revelation from the subconscious, the mind elevates the sexual or inherited powers (this has no reference to moral theory or practise) and depresses the intellectual qualities. So a new atavistic responsibility is attained by daring to believe—to possess one's own beliefs—without attempting to rationalize spurious ideas from prejudiced and tainted intellectual sources.

AUTOMATIC drawings can be obtained by such methods as concentrating on a *Sigil*—by any means of exhausting mind and body pleasantly in order to obtain a condition of non-consciousness—by wishing in opposition to the real desire after acquiring an organic impulse towards drawing.

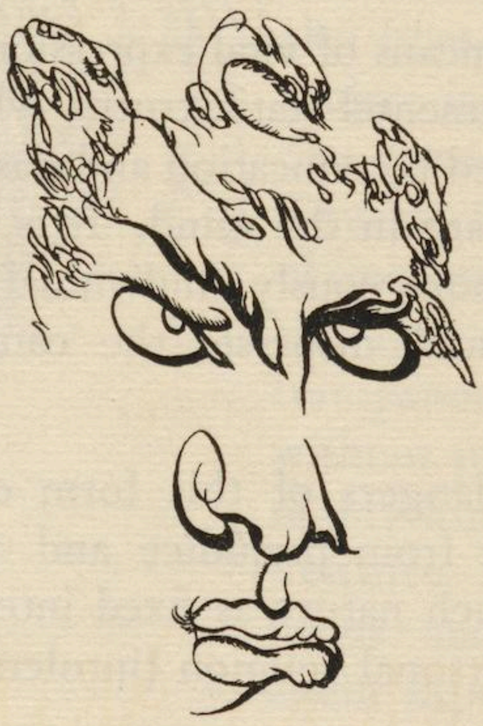


THE Hand must be trained to work freely and without control, by practise in making simple forms with a continuous involved line without afterthought, i.e. its intention should just escape consciousness.

DRAWINGS should be made by allowing the hand to run freely with the least posssible deliberation. In time shapes will be found to evolve, suggesting conceptions, forms and ultimately having personal or individual style.

THE Mind in a state of oblivion, without desire towards reflection or pursuit of materialistic intellectual suggestions, is in a condition to produce successful drawings of one's *personal* ideas, symbolic in meaning and wisdom.

By this means sensation may be visualized.



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# IMAGINATION

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# BACCHAE

by

Austin O. Spare




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# LOB A POEM BY EDWARD EASTAWAY

AT hawthorn-time in Wiltshire travelling
In search of something chance would never bring,
An old man's face, by life and weather cut
And coloured, —rough, brown, sweet as any nut,—
A land face, sea-blue-eyed,—hung in my mind
When I had left him many a mile behind.
All he said was : " Nobody can't stop 'ee. It's
A footpath, right enough. You see those bits
Of mounds—that's where they opened up the barrows
Sixty years since, while I was scaring sparrows.
They thought as there was something to find there,
But couldn't find it, by digging, anywhere."

TO turn back then and seek him where was the use ?
There were three Manningfords, Abbots, Bohun, and
And whether Alton, not Manningford, it was [Bruce;
My memory could not decide, because
There was both Alton Barnes and Alton Priors.
All had their churches, graveyards, farms, and byres,
Lurking to one side up the paths and lanes,
Seldom well seen except by aeroplanes;
And when bells rang, or pigs squealed, or cocks crowed,
Then only heard. Ages ago the road
Approached. The people stood and looked and turned,
Nor asked it to come nearer, nor yet learned
To move out there and dwell in all men's dust.
And yet withal they shot the weathercock, just
Because 'twas he crowed out of tune, they said:
So now the copper weathercock is dead.
If they had reaped their dandelions and sold
Them fairly, they could have afforded gold.

MANY years passed, and I went back again
Among those villages, and looked for men
Who might have known my ancient. He himself
Had long been dead or laid upon the shelf,
I thought. One man I asked about him roared
At my description: 'Tis old Bottlesford
He means, Bill.' But another said: 'Of course,
It was Jack Button up at the White Horse.
Hes' dead, sir, these three years.' This lasted till
A girl proposed Walker of Walker's Hill,
'Old Adam Walker. Adam's Point you'll see
Marked on the maps.'

'That was her roguery'
The next man said. He was a squire's son
Who loved wild bird and beast, and dog and gun
For killing them. He had loved them from his birth,
One with another, as he loved the earth.
'The man may be like Button, or Walker, or
Like Bottlesford, that you want, but far more
He sounds like one I saw when I was a child.
I could almost swear to him. The man was wild
And wandered. His home was where he was free.
Everybody has met one such man as he.
Does he keep clear old paths that no one uses
But once a lifetime when he loves or muses ?
He is English as this gate, these flowers, this mire.
And when at eight years old Lob-lie-by-the-fire
Came in my books, this was the man I saw.
He has been in England as long as dove and daw,
Calling the wild cherry tree the merry tree,
The rose campion Bridget-in-her-bravery;
And in a tender mood he, as I guess,
Christened one flower Love-in-idleness,
And while he walked from Exeter to Leeds
One April called all cuckoo-flowers Milkmaids.
From him old herbal Gerard learnt, as a boy,
To name wild clematis the Traveller's-joy.
Our blackbirds sang no English till his ear
Told him they called his Jan Toy " Pretty dear."
(She was Jan Toy the Lucky, who, having lost
A shilling, and found a penny loaf, rejoiced.)
For reasons of his own to him the wren
Is Jenny Pooter. Before all other men
'Twas he first called the Hog's Back the Hog's Back.
That Mother Dunch's Buttocks should not lack
Their name was his care. He too could explain
Totteridge and Totterdown and Juggler's Lane:
He knows, if anyone. Why Tumbling Bay,
Inland in Kent, is called so, he might say.

'BUT little he says compared with what he does.
If ever a sage troubles him he will buzz
Like a beehive to conclude the tedious fray:
And the sage, who knows all languages, runs away.
Yet Lob has thirteen hundred names for a fool,
And though he never could spare time for school
To unteach what the fox so well expressed,
On biting the cock's head off,—Quietness is best,—
He can talk quite as well as anyone
After his thinking is forgot and done.
He first of all told someone else's wife,
For a farthing she'd skin a flint and spoil a knife
Worth sixpence skinning it. She heard him speak:
" She had a face as long as a wet week "
Said he, telling the tale in after years.
With blue smock and with gold rings in his ears,
Sometimes he is a pedlar, not too poor
To keep his wit. This is tall Tom that bore
The logs in, and with Shakespeare in the hall
Once talked, when icicles hung by the wall.
As Herne the Hunter he has known hard times.
On sleepless nights he made up weather rhymes
Which others spoilt. And, Hob being then his name,
He kept the hog that thought the butcher came
To bring his breakfast: " You thought wrong " said Hob.
When there were kings in Kent this very Lob,
Whose sheep grew fat and he himself grew merry,
Wedded the king's daughter of Canterbury:
For he alone, unlike squire, lord, and king,
Watched a night by her without slumbering;
He kept both waking. When he was but a lad
He won a rich man's heiress, deaf, dumb, and sad,
By rousing her to laugh at him. He carried
His donkey on his back. So they were married.
And while he was a little cobbler's boy
He tricked the giant coming to destroy
Shrewsbury by flood. " And how far is it yet ? "
The giant asked in passing. " I forget;
But see these shoes I've worn out on the road
And we're not there yet." He emptied out his load
Of shoes. The giant sighed, and dropped from his spade



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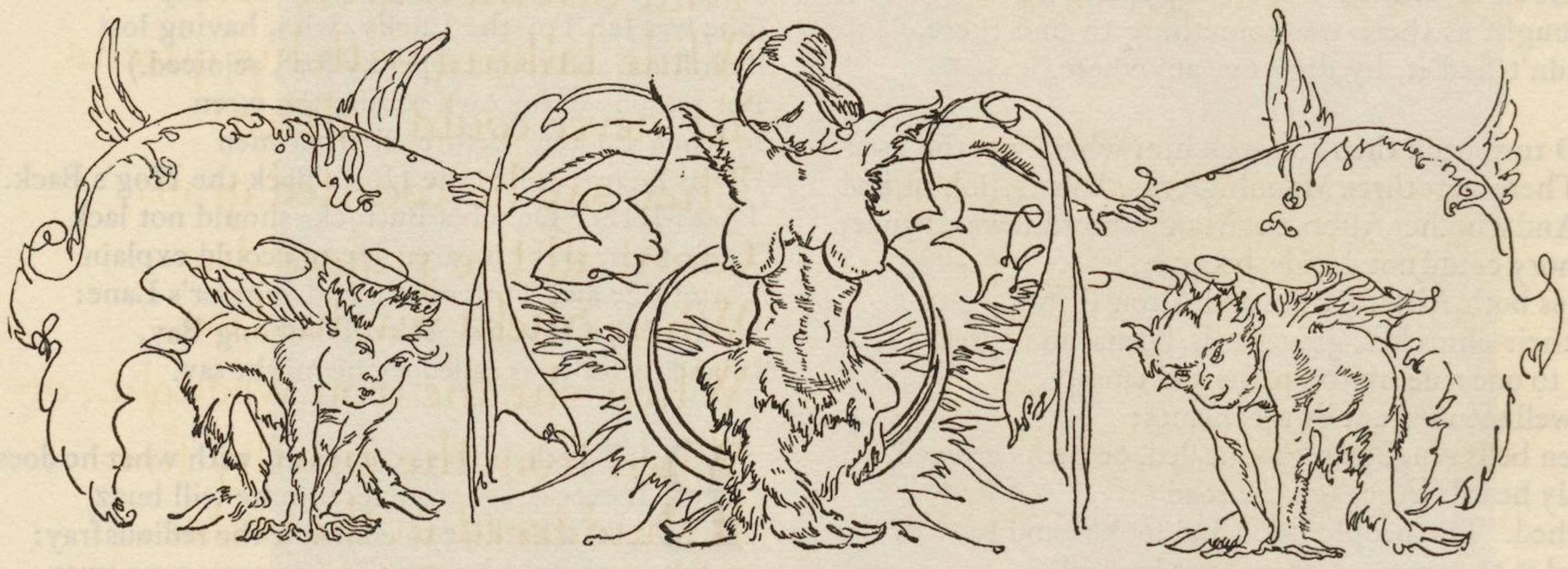
The earth for damming Severn, and thus made
The Wrekin Hill; and little Ercall Hill
Rose where the giant scraped his boots. While still
So young, our Jack was chief of Gotham's sages.
But long before he could have been wise, ages
Earlier than this, while he grew thick and strong
And ate his bacon, or, at times, sang a song
And merely smelt it, as Jack the giant-killer
He made a name. He, too, ground up the miller,
The Yorkshireman who ground men's bones for flour.

'DO you believe Jack dead before his hour?
Or that his name is Walker, or Bottlesford,
Or Button, a mere clown, or squire, or lord?
The man you saw,—Lob-lie-by-the-fire, Jack Cade,
Jack Smith, Jack Moon, poor Jack of every trade,
Young Jack, or old Jack, or Jack What-d'ye-call,
Jack-in-the-hedge, or Robin-run-by-the-wall,
Robin Hood, Ragged Robin, lazy Bob,
One of the lords of No Man's Land, good Lob,—
Although he was seen dying at Waterloo,
Hastings, Agincourt, and Sedgmoor too,—
Lives yet. He never will admit he is dead
Till millers cease to grind men's bones for bread,
Not till our weathercock crows once again
And I remove my house out of the lane
On to the road.' With this he disappeared
In hazel and thorn tangled in old-man's-beard.
But one glimpse of his back, as there he stood
Choosing his way, proved him of old Jack's blood,
Young Jack perhaps, and now a Wiltshireman
As he has oft been since his days began.



# WORDS

OUT of us all
That make rhymes,
Will you choose
Sometimes—
As the winds use
A crack in a wall
Or a drain,
Their joy or their pain
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words?

I know you:
You are light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn,
Or an old cloak:
Sweet as our birds
To the ear,
As the burnet rose
In the heat
Of Midsummer:
Strange as the races
Of dead and unborn:
Strange and sweet
Equally,
And familiar,
To the eye,
As the dearest faces
That a man knows,
And as lost homes are:
But though older far
Than oldest yew,—
As our hills are, old,—
Worn new
Again and again:
Young as our streams
After rain:
And as dear
As the earth which you prove
That we love.
Make me content
With some sweetness
From Wales
Whose nightingales
Have no wings,—
From Wiltshire and Kent
And Herefordshire,
And the villages there,—
From the names, and the things
No less.

LET me sometimes dance
With you,
Or climb
Or stand perchance
In ecstasy,
Fixed and free
In a rhyme,
As poets do.

EDWARD EASTAWAY



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# EIGHT POEMS

BY

## W B YEATS

## THE DAWN

I WOULD be as ignorant as the dawn
That has looked down
On that old queen measuring a town
With the pin of a brooch,
Or on the withered men that saw
From their pedantic Babylon
The careless planets in their courses
The stars fade out where the moon comes~,
And took their tablets & made sums;
Yet did but look, rocking the glittering coach
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses;
I would be – for no knowledge is worth a straw
Ignorant & wanton as the dawn—.

## ON WOMAN

MAY GOD be praised for woman
That gives up all her mind,
A man may find in no man
A friendship of her kind
That covers all he has brought
As with her flesh and bone
Nor quarrels with a thought
Because it is not her own.

Though pedantry denies
It's plain the bible means
That Solomon grew wise
While talking with his queens,
Yet never could, altho'
They say he counted grass,
Count all the praises due
When Sheba was his lass,
When she the iron wrought, or
When from the smithy fire
It shuddered in the water,
Harshness of their desire
That made them stretch and yawn,
Pleasure that comes with sleep,
Shudder that made them one.
What else he give or keep
God grant me – no not here
For I am not so bold
To hope a thing so dear
Now I am growing old,
But when if the tale's true
The pestle of the moon
That pounds up all anew
Brings me to birth again –
To find what once I had
And know what once I have known,
Until I am driven mad,
Sleep driven from my bed,
By tenderness and care
Pity an aching head
Gnashing of teeth – despair,



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And all because of some one
Perverse creature of chance,
And live like Solomon
That Sheba led a dance.

## THE FISHERMAN

ALTHO' I can see him still
The freckled man who goes
To a gray place on a hill
In gray Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies;
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped it would be
To write for my own race
And the reality;
The living men that I hate
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreproved
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

MAYBE a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,
And gray Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark with froth,
And the down turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist
A man who is but a dream;
And cried "before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn".

## THE HAWK

CALL down the hawk from the air;
Let him be hooded or caged
Till the yellow eye has grown mild,
For larder and spit are bare,
The old cook enraged,
The scullion gone wild.
I WILL not be clapped in a hood,
Nor a cage, nor alight upon wrist,
Now I have learnt to be proud
Hovering over the wood
In the broken mist
Or tumbling cloud.
WHAT tumbling cloud did you cleave,
Yellow-eyed hawk of the mind
Last evening, that I, who had sat
Dumbfounded before a knave,
Should give to my friend
A pretence of wit.

## MEMORY

ONE had a lovely face,
And two or three had charm,
But charm and face were in vain
Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.



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# THE THORN TREE

SHE is foremost of those that I
would hear praised;
I have gone about the house, gone up
and down
As a man does who has published a
new book
Or a young girl dressed out in her
new gown,
And though I have turned the talk
by hook or crook
Until her praise should be the
uppermost theme
A woman spoke of some new tale
she had read;
A man so vaguely that he seemed
to dream
Of some strange woman's name
that ran in his head.
SHE is foremost of those that I
would hear praised;
I will talk no more of books or the
long war
But walk by the dry thorn until I
have found
Some beggar sheltering from the
wind and there
Manage the talk until her name
come round,
If there be rags enough he will
know her name
And be well pleased remembering it,
for in the old days,
Though she had young men's praise
and old men's blame,
Among the poor both old and
young gave her praise.

# THE PHOENIX

WHAT have I earned for all
that work," I said,
For all that I have done at my own
charge?
The daily spite of this unmannerly
town,
Where who has served the most is
most defamed,
The reputation of his lifetime
lost
Between the night and morning. I
might have lived,
And you know well how great the
longing has been,
Where every day my footfall should
have lit
In the green shadow on Ferarra
wall;
Or climbed among the images of
the past,
The unperturbed and courtly
images,
Evening and morn, the steep
street of Urbino
To where the duchess and her
people talked
The stately midnight through
until they stood
In their great window looking at
the dawn;
I might have had no friend that
could not mix
Courtesy and passion into one
like those
That saw the wicks grow yellow
in the dawn;



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I might have used the one
substantial right
My trade allows: chosen my
company,
And chosen what scenery had
pleased me best".

THEREON my phoenix
answered in reproof,
"The drunkards, pilferers of public
funds,
All the dishonest crowd I had
driven away,
When my luck changed and they
dared to meet my face,
Crawled from obscurity and set
upon me
Those I had served and some that
I had fed,
Yet never have I, now nor any
time,
Complained of the people".

ALL I could reply
Was: "You, that have not lived in
thought but deed,
Can have the purity of a natural
force,
But I, whose virtues are the
definitions
Of the analytic mind, can neither
close
The eye of the mind nor keep
my tongue from speech."

AND yet, because my heart
leaped at her words,
I was abashed, and now they
come to mind
After nine years, I sink my
head abashed.

## THERE IS A QUEEN IN CHINA

THERE is a queen in China, or
may be it's in Spain
And birthdays and holidays such
praises can be heard
Of her unblemished lineaments, a
whiteness with no stain,
That she might be that sprightly
girl who had married with a bird
And there's a score of duchesses,
surpassing womankind,
Or who have found a painter to
make them so for pay
And smooth out stain & blemish
with the elegance of his mind:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.

THE young men every night
applaud their Gaby's laughing eye,
And Ruth St. Denis had more
charm although she had poor luck,
From nineteen hundred nine or ten,
Pavlova's had the cry,
And there's a player in The States
who gathers up her cloak
And flings herself out of the room
when Juliet would be bride
With all a woman's passion, a
child's imperious way,
And there are – but no matter if
there are scores beside:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so



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let them have their day.

THERE'S Margaret & Marjorie
and Dorothy and Nan,
A Daphne and a Mary who live
in privacy,
One's had her fill of lovers,
another's had but one,
Another boasts "I pick and choose
and have but two or three."
If head and limb have beauty and
the instep's high and light
They can spread out what sail they
please for all I have to say,
Be but the breakers of men's hearts
or engines of delight;
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.

THERE'LL be that crowd to
make men wild through all
the centuries,
And may be there'll be some young
belle walk out to make men wild
Who is my beauty's equal, though
that my heart denies,
But not the exact likeness, the
simplicity of a child,
And that proud look as though
she had gazed into the burning
sun,
And all the shapely body no tittle
gone astray,
I mourn for that most lonely thing;
and yet God's will be done,
I knew a phoenix in my youth so
let them have their day.



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# THE LAND OF PROMISE

FAIR Camp of God, how goodly are thy tents,
Within whose midst the milk and honey flow!
For thee the promised land gives forth her scents,
For thee the hanging gardens crowned with snow;

And softer dews than Hermon's, and more shade
Than rocks beneath the boughs of Lebanon;
For thee, O fair delight, all things were made,
And they that marred them, the false gods, are gone.

For this is never Canaans land, but Greece,
Where shines the face and not the frown of God;
And never Gideon's but Jason's fleece,
And this Apollo's bough, not Aaron's rod.

The night breathes warm, and the tent doors are wide,
And fleece and bough lie close against thy side.

# FORM AND SUBSTANCE

SO ends the dream which once found form in thee!
Nay, not the dream,—for that I can recall;
My flesh is now the ghostlier part of me,
And what was vision proved still shines through all.

But that bright tabernacle of a grace,
Which once I dreamed, lies shattered, and I go
No more to seek in a familiar face
The beauty which in thee found overthrow.

Where now it lives I know not; but not death
Hath closed it round, nor any mouldering tomb:
Babe-like and blind it waits, withheld from breath,
As new life lies unconscious in the womb.

Oh, though on earth I looked for thee in vain,
Thou, in my heart, dear Love, hast not been slain!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN



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# THE LEADEN STATUE

Speak not — whisper not;
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot
Softly on the evening hour
Secret herbs their spices shower,
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh
Lean-stalked, purple lavender;
Hides within her bosom, too,
All her sorrows bitter rue.

Breathe not — trespass not;
Of this green and darkling spot
Latticed from the moon beams
Perchance a distant dreamer dreams;
Perchance upon its darkened air
The unseen ghosts of children fare
Faintly singing, sway and sweep,
Like lovely sea-flowers in its deep;
While unmoved, to watch and ward
'Mid its gloom'd and daisied sward,
Stands with bowed, and dewy head
That one little leaden lad.

Walter de la Mare.

# TO —

Day flames & wastes, a shrinking twilight falls
In flakes of storm-tossed gloom;
The sea breaks dully on the low sea-walls,
And through the sullen darkness leaps & calls
Outside my fire-lit room.

Outside! I listen by the fire & hear
What the loud darkness says;
Ah! but this voice which brings the night so near
What art thou wailing, comfortless & clear
Across the loud sea-ways?

Voice of the night, hast thou then met my friend,
Lost voice blown from the sea?
His passion with thy passion does it blend?
Lo! he has called upon the night to send
Word through her winds to me.

Friend, I await your tidings: here I sit
Before my ship-wood flame;
This daily flame my quiet hands have lit
Burns bright whilst I keep watch & ward o'er it,
Still waiting — still the same.

Whilst over loud & raging seas, the dream
Urges you on apace.—
You catch on alien shores, the fiercer gleam
Of other fires than these — wild fires which stream
Full in the midnight's face.

What is your message from the sea — what news
Oh! friend, is this you bear?
The world is waiting, I am waiting:— choose
Some sudden thunder when the storms are loose,
To break the silence here.

What has the sea then taught you? You have spurned
The sheltered room, the old
Safe ways — but say what lesson have you learned?
I wait — oh! you whose eyes have nightwards turned
Till the new tale is told.

Here are warm days, the comfortable hearth
No toil and sleep at night.
Will you not tell us what these things are worth?
Oh! friend of mine, do you possess the earth?—
I wait in the fire-light.

Margaret Sackville.

# RECIPE FOR AN IMAGIST POEM

"The sky is jaundiced,
The brown birds make indentations in the white snow,
Nature broods
Spasmodically.

"My heart gapes like the yellow sky.
It beats
Against the white futility of my bosom,
Like the feet of a staccato brown bird
Broodingly."

Harold Massingham



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# THE SHEAF-BINDERS

BY

CHARLES SHANNON

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# LIFE

## A POEM FOR "THE LITTLE SCHOOL".

MY life feels like a mouse
In some strange giant's house;
Or like a single fly
In a Saharan sky:
Small part in life have I,
Yet of one sort with it whole
Is my small soul.

BIRD-LIFE makes glad the trees,
And tree-life throngs our hill,
But life would fill
An airier hive with souls for bees—
More room than, far from shore,
A night-sky coops above wide seas:
Though that were packed, outside were more.

MY eyes drink up the swallow's flight:
Swift, smooth and light,
Their joy is free.
The sound that heaves
Like music up from a mile of leaves,
Is glory to me.

THEN, there are waters gurgling along,
And ladies together singing a song,
Sounds that, entering my head,
Move more than can be said.
Oh! and by how much life thought of should
Thrill more than flight, song, stream or wood.

T. Sturge Moore.

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# FRAGMENT FROM A MEMORIAL ODE

SO YOU ARE DEAD LIKE ALL THE OTHER DEAD...
You are not here, but I am here alone;
And evening falls, fusing tree, water and stone
Into a violet cloth, and the frail ash-tree hisses
With a soft sharpness like a fall of mounded grain.
And a steamer softly puffing along the river passes,
Drawing a file of barges; and silence falls again.
And a bell tones; and the evening darkens; and in sparse rank
The greenish lights well out along the other bank.
I have no force left now; the sights and sounds impinge
Upon me unresisted, like raindrops on the mould.
And, striving not against my melancholy mood,
Limp as a door that hangs upon one failing hinge,
Limp, with slack, marrowless arms and thighs, I sit and brood
On death and death and death. And quiet, thin and cold,
Following of this one friend the hopeless, helpless ghost,
The weak, appealing wraiths of notable men of old
Who died, drift through the air; and then, host after host
Innumerable, overwhelming, without form,
Rolling across the sky in awful silent storm,
The myriads of the undifferentiated dead
Whom none recorded, or of whom the record faded.
O SPECTACLE APPALLINGLY SUBLIME!
I see the universe one long disastrous strife,
And in the staggering abysses of backward and forward time
Death chasing hard upon the heels of creating life.
And I, I see myself as one of a heap of stones
Wetted a moment to life as the flying wave goes over,
Onward and never returning, leaving no mark behind...
There's nothing to hope for. Blank cessation numbs my mind,
And I feel my heart thumping gloomy against its cover,
And my heavy belly hanging from my bones.

J. C. SQUIRE.

E.P.



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# THE VISITOR

She brings that breath, and music too,
That comes when April's days begin;
And sweetness Autumn never had
In any bursting skin.

She's big with laughter at the breasts,
Like netted fish they leap:
Oh God that I were far from here,
Or lying fast asleep!

W. H. Davies

# SACRAMENT

BEFORE the Altar of the world in flower,
Upon whose steps thy creatures kneel in line,
We do beseech thee in this wild Spring hour,
Grant us, O! Lord, thy wine. But not this wine.

HELPLESS, we, praying by the shimmering seas,
Beside thy fields whence all the earth is fed,
Thy little children clinging about thy knees,
Cry: "Grant us Lord thy bread." But not this bread.

THIS wine of awful sacrifice out poured;
This bread of life—of human lives. The Press
Is overflowing—the Wine-Press of the Lord!
Yet doth he tread the foaming grapes no less.

THESE stricken lands! the green time of the year
Has found them wasted by a ruddy flood,
Sodden and wasted everywhere—everywhere;
Not all our tears may cleanse them from that blood.

THE earth is all too narrow for these dead
Lord! Lord! and each a child of ours—and Thine.
This flesh (our flesh) crumbled away like bread,
This blood (our blood) poured forth like wine—like wine.

Margaret Sackville

# TWO POEMS BY FRANCIS BURROWS

## PRAYER

WHOSE ear, whose help, shall one beseech,
Who never before hath prayed,
Now that his lonely griefs outreach
The pale of human aid?

THE sun? the moon? the clouds or breeze?
The sky that gave them birth?
The ocean thundering at the knees
Of the ever patient earth?

THE wind will pluck his cloak aside,
The rain spit in his face;
The thundering ocean will abide,
The earth retain her place.

GOD, whatsoever thing thou art,
Now darkness blots his day,
And pride is fallen from his heart,
Grant him the power to pray.

## DEJECTION

IF thy soul hangs, a blinded world,
Adust and single, far asunder
From its maintaining sun; enfurled
By silence, unperturbed by thunder,
Having no roaring fires under;—

IF thou no tinder hast, to raise
Thy dormant sparks, so that thou leapest
At whiles into a little blaze;
But overwhelmed and plunged thou sleepest
In that soul-stupor which is deepest;—

RUSH to my breast, my friend, my bride,
My sharer of one constellation;
When two such fireless stars collide
Their impact and their conflagration
From darkness bring illumination.



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# Woodcut

by Frank Brangwyn

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# CHARMS.

She walks as lightly as the fly
Skates on the water in July.

To hear her moving petticoat,
For me is music's highest note.

Stones are not heard, when her feet pass,
No more than tumps of moss or grass.

When she sits still, she's like the flower
To be a butterfly next hour.

The brook laughs not more sweet, when he
Trips over pebbles suddenly.

My love, like him, can whisper low —
Whn he comes where green cresses grow.

She rises like the lark, that hour
He goes half way to meet a shower.

A fresher drink is in her looks
Than nature gives me, or old books.

When I in my love's shadow sit,
I do not miss the sun one bit.

When she is near My arms can hold
All that's worth having in this world.

And when I know not where she is,
Nothing can come but comes amiss.

W.H.Davies



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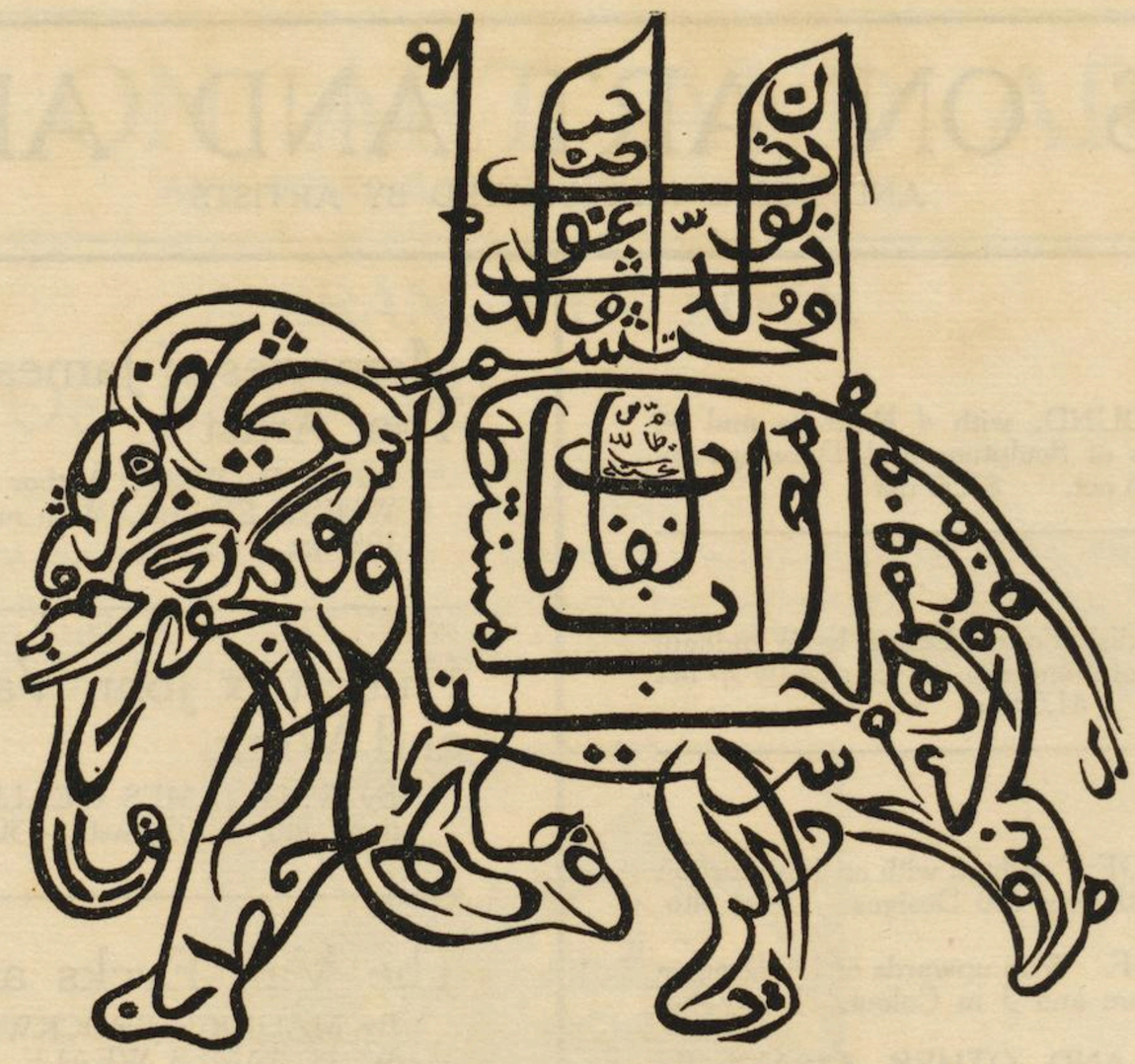

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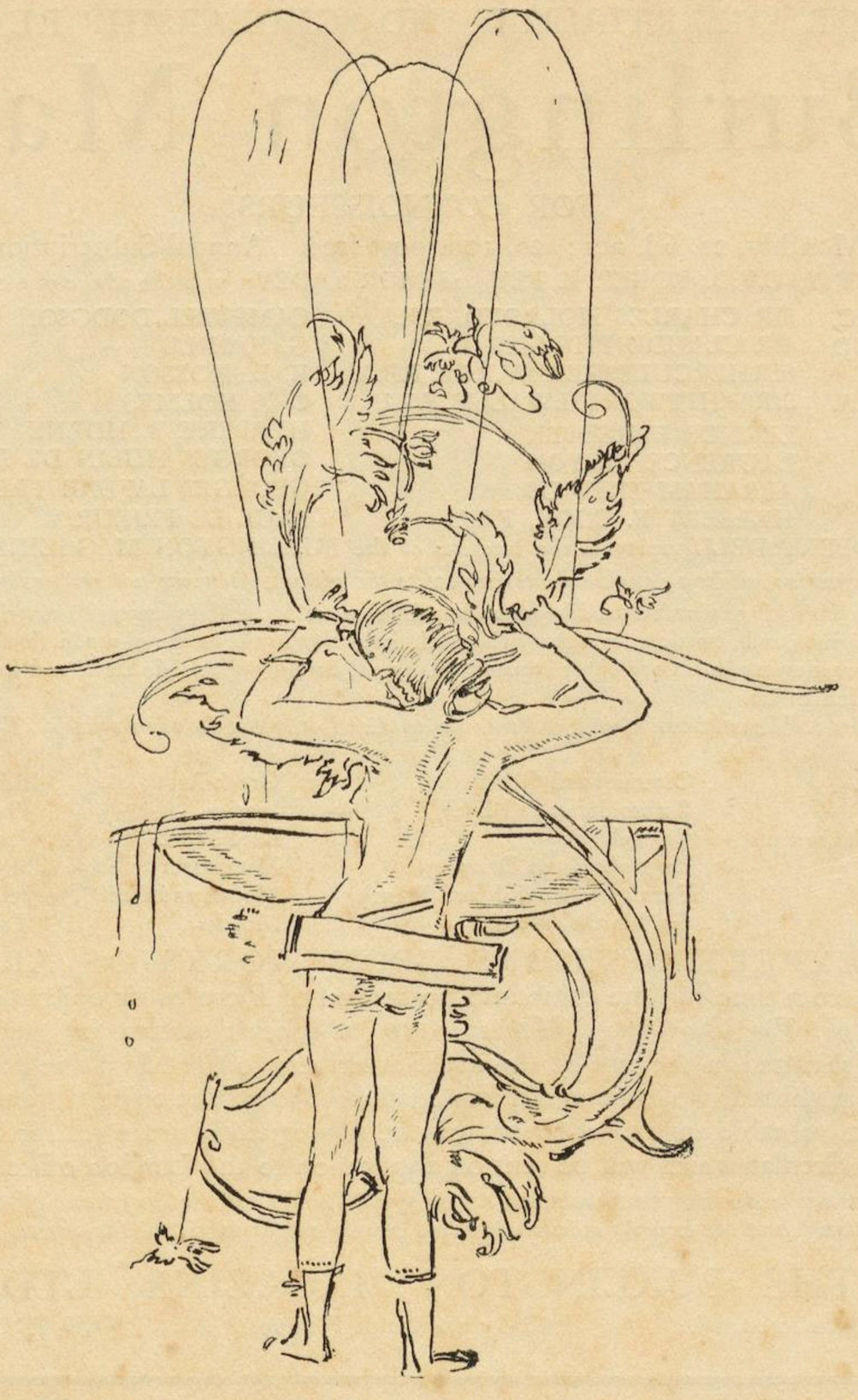

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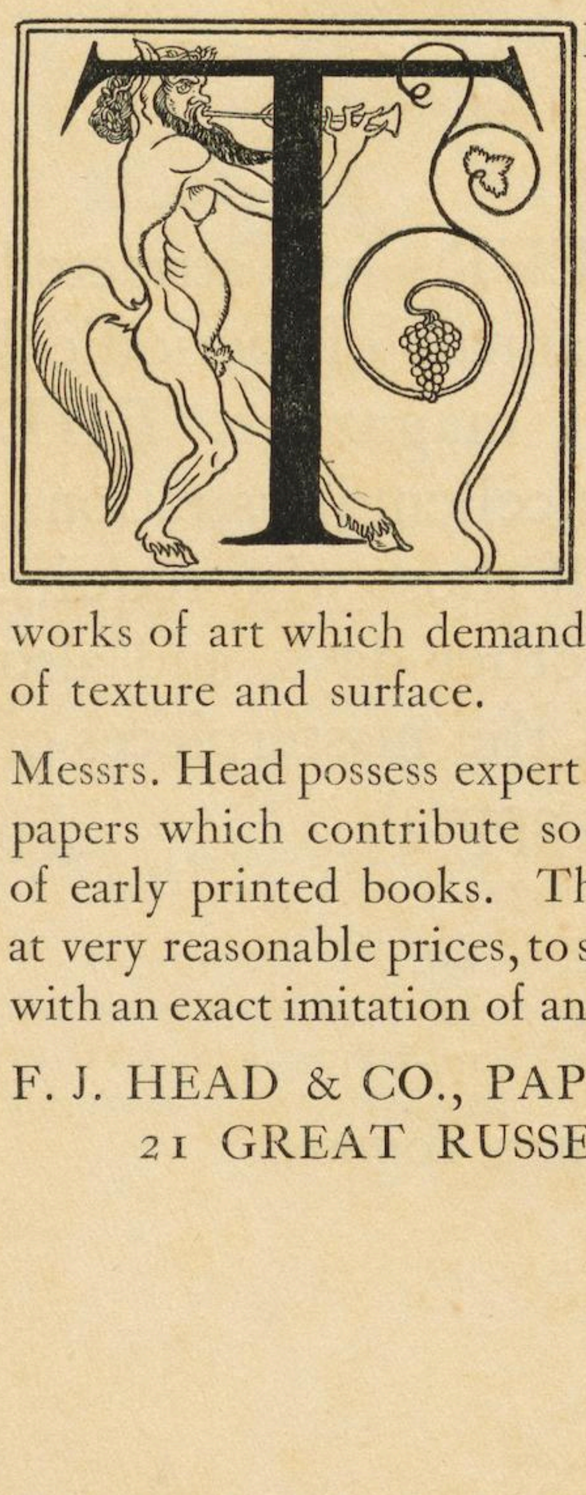

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BY

# CHARLES MARRIOTT

AT a time of general disorder one turns for inspiration to the tools and materials of the craft; and it was a word, the name of this Quarterly, that set me writing. "Form" is a bold word to appear on any page. It stands for the extreme of everything that we call revolutionary, because it claims to establish the realities obscured by custom. Whether in life or art Form is discovered and established only by following the line of least resistance. Herein it differs from forms, which result from obstructing life with opinions. And since the line of least resistance is



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# Form and Substance

the hardest thing in the world to discover, Form is rare and forms are many. How hard to discover is the line of least resistance in life, and the importance of discovering it, is the common theme of all religions. "Consider the lilies," "Cast thy bread upon the waters," "Thy burden upon the Lord," "In the service of God is perfect freedom," all these, and a hundred sayings from the wisdom of the East, not to speak of such semi-religious utterances as Wordsworth's "wise passivity" and Francis Thompson's "Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive," are encouragements to the quest; and they all assume for end the most complete reality, the most perfect Form, of which man is capable: the Image of God.

IT is the same in government; the aim of the reformer being always to make the State more and more like man; more truly representative of his nature and needs. In government, as in religion, forms are the half-way houses, in which the weak and timid and perverse take refuge and cry: "Lo, this is the end of the journey." It makes no difference whether they are established forms or forms of dissent; they are excretions from life by the chemistry of opinion; and the reason why the real reformer is impatient of "isms" is that he recognises that they hinder pursuit of that Form which is the perfect and complete expression of life.

IN practice, if not in theory, the identity of Form with effortless expression is recognised in most human affairs. The aim of athletic training is to discover and confirm not the most difficult but the easiest way of using the body; and the application of the word "Form" to bodily fitness is an unconscious recognition of this truth. Progress in material science is along the line of least resistance by a more and more sympathetic understanding of the nature of things. It is the same in the application of science; progress being always in a more direct approach to the sources of energy. The most striking difference between an electric motor and the "Rocket" is in the comparative elimination of machinery. The older engine is a nightmare of forms; the modern a comparative approach to pure Form, an image of the energy that moves the machine. Thus, in many kinds of human activity, moral and material, we see that progress is the disappearance of forms in Form, as the line of least resistance is more closely followed.



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# By Charles Marriott

THIS distinction, say rather this external opposition, between Form and forms in life should help us to understand the true meaning of Form in art. It is often said against an artist that he has imposed an arbitrary design upon Nature. Much more probably he has imposed an arbitrary design upon his materials. The things of Nature can be arranged a hundred ways without any prejudice to reality, to Form; but the least violation of the nature of things destroys Form, though it may produce ingenious forms. Form cannot be dissociated from substance, though it may bear little apparent relation to the subject represented. Forms, on the other hand, mimic the subject but violate the material; since it is impossible to imitate in one substance the Form of another without some sin against the nature of things. "There is one glory of the sun—" but I cannot remember the passage or where it comes from.

HOWEVER much we may hide it from ourselves, and whatever ingenious or elaborate euphemisms we may substitute for the name of God, there is only one purpose in art: to discover the Creator in the creature by revealing its true Form. Nor does this mean a limitation of subject. "Omnia Opera" is one of the truest pieces of art criticism ever written, and there is not a single syllable of the hymn of praise that cannot be spelt in stone or clay or bronze or pigment by him who understands their languages. The prohibition of graven images was a piece of artistic purism; and insistence on the superiority of Form to forms. It was not forbidden to set up a stone, because a stone set up is liker God than is a carving of the human figure — unless it really express the nature of stone. Why this craving for likeness? The word for "man" or "woman" is different in a dozen different languages; yet the idea expressed and understood is the same in all. Why then should we expect similarity in the idea of man or woman as expressed in a dozen different materials? There is guidance for art in the central mystery of religion: the Word made stone or bronze or paint; conceived in that substance.



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# Form and Substance

THE identity of Form with complete and perfect expression of substance is commonly recognised. Only the other day a book was written to show that the art of the East was mainly concerned with Colour, that of the West with Form. The truth is that we in the West have a very elementary regard for Form, though we are clever at inventing and imitating forms. We bend materials to our will; we do not give them expression. The art of the East is a patient waiting upon Form. What is it that strikes one in looking at a Chinese painting or carving? Surely it is the subordination of the subject represented to the characteristic Form of the substance employed; or, rather, the identity of subject with substance in a new Form—as the Word was made Flesh. It is as if the artist had said to the jade or bronze or ivory or ink "How would you say 'man' or 'pheasant' or 'horse' or 'peony'?" and then did on more than remove with careful craftsmanship the hindrances to characteristic expression. This is the true meaning of all those legends of the statue found within the block; and the highest compliment that can be paid to any sculptor is to say that his work is very like stone.

HERE, then, is the answer to the much debated question whether progress is possible in art. Only by following the line of least resistance in the nature of things towards a closer and closer identity of Form with substance. The greater number of things, and the more sympathetic understanding of their natures, opens the way to progress. Not otherwise is progress in life, public or private. Even in religious life the Image of God can only be recovered through a more sympathetic understanding of the nature of man. The connection between religion and art is not in choice of subject; it is in the nature of the process. All creation is the same. It comes not of opinion, established or rebellious, but by brooding over the materials, as God brooded over Chaos.



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IL ETAIT UNE FOIS UNE PETITE FILLE DE VILLAGE
LA PLUS JOLIE QU ON EUT SU VOIR SA MERE
EN ETAIT FOLLE ET SA MERE GRAND PLUS FOLLE
ENCORE CETTE BONNE FEMME LUI FIT FAIRE UN
PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE QUI LUI SEYAIT SI BIEN QUE
PARTOUT ON L APPELAIT LE PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE

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# Poems by Francis Burrows

## MOONRISE

WHEN all was dark except for her,
The moon arose above the sea;
She cast a moving causey there
With flames of gold, and carried me
Towards her prisoner.
And grieved at first, I cried out thus:—
"So wast thou lovely ere our birth,
So mad'st the same sea tremulous.
Thus wilt thou rise, when we are earth,
On others, not on us."
But suddenly my fear was gone,
When aught within me bowed my soul
To worship at what seemed her throne.
Maybe 'twas his who does control
Her orbit and our own.

## REQUIEM

THE storm is scattered and the rain
Which with one fury levelled all.
The pulse of nature throbs again
In simple protest at her fall.

The flowers fold up their heads in slumber,
The day hath flower-like closed its eye.
The stars are shining without number,
The fire-rent moon swims in the sky.
And he who journeyed without cover
Throughout the storm, was overcome.
And now its fury is blown over,
Is left subservient and dumb.
Through all his crushed expanse of soul
And forests of imagination,
One humble flower remaineth whole
Surviving still by resignation—
"Friend die thou also. Neither fear nor grieve to die.
All that is pleasant, noble, lovely, springs from earth
Doomed to destruction by resistless spear at hand,
Or by secret arrow none hath knowledge whence
or when.
For its very beauty lies in its mortality.
Thou supplicatest mercy kneeling at my feet,
Fearing the impendence of my spear? Nay, wrong
me not.
Though more than mortal is my parentage, and they
Men called immortal are my kindred, yet my doom
Is awhile to linger, only take thou thyself,
Home-seeking, homeless, filled with unfulfilled
desire,
Then with my kindred to the unhallowed place
and void
To pass forgotten; while the seasons change on
earth,
While night precedes day, while the years as hitherto
Wheel on in task hereafter. Seek no longer life;
They must, who doomed thee, also die. Consider
them
Unwilling judges. Only speechless fate abides."

## AT A SYMPHONY

Silence, O beloved, O imperishable
instruments,
Rend us thus no longer with your
overwhelming eloquence;
Let the noble melodist who roused you also bid
you cease
And yield again to our sun-smitten storm-wracked
cloud-borne spirits peace.
For you have dragged them from their caverns
where they comfortably lay,
To fling them in the bleaching tempest and the
brightness of the day,
From their bodies torn with violence, and with
rapture borne afar,
And driven headlong with the speed of light that
shoots from star to star.
Plunged in meteoric splendours, gathered to
cyclonic streams,
Borne on stranger pinions than are fancied in un-
quiet dreams.
It is enough to satisfy us, more than this none
living knows,
That the character in human kind embodied shines
and glows
With a wealth of light and heat sufficient for our
daily needs;
It is nothing to us whither it departs or whence
proceeds.
When you adumbrate the existence thus of souls
beyond our sense,
Beyond our power to conceive them; human with
this difference



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# Death and the Manor House

That they possess much deeper passion, more expansive reach of thought,
O majestic music speak more clearly yet, or utter nought!
For when your insistence lessens, in the heart a shadow calls—
"Hearken not, believe it not, but stop the ears, for it is false."

FRANCIS BURROWS

DEATH

ONLY to those in whom sweet life is small
Can death be great and worthy to be praised,
Only to those, but they are nearly all,
And death, their idol, on a cross is [raised.
Thereon the sick idolaters have gazed
Until their longing, colouring their sight,
Has seemed to find fulfillment. There, amazed,
They see their idol, dazzling in its light,
It darkens all their world and covers it with night.

All their own light, the keen imagined thought,
To Death is yielded. So the darkened mind,
With fears and fear-begotten monsters fraught
Becomes a prison wherein love's confined.
Beauty, shut out, is pleasure's hireling hind
And lives forgotten in a little room.
And joy, that love in beauty first divined,
May never sweeten man's self-chosen doom,
Whose light is death to lure him from his wanton gloom.

All else denied, and never, never seen,
Seems mischievous creation for his woe.
The world is but a many-coloured screen
To hold the glory whither he shall go.
It is familar as a painted show,
Monotonous, too oft repeated, dull,
Gross and confused, unworthy him to know.
Behind the fairest beauty grins a skull
Each pleasure in attendant sorrow soon is null.

What then is Death, that all to him is given?
Whence came the power that raised him up so high
And made him seem the seneschal of Heaven,
And called him Truth and Life a cruel lie?
Let us no more endure this tyranny.
Death that is nothing governs everything
And every human impulse is his spy,
Looking for winter in the heart of spring
Bemoaning joy with dirges on a muted string.

The starry eyes of children see no death
Nor any shadow on their sunny hours.
Delight they take with every easy breath
And laugh as joy their timeless life devours.
Nor time nor death upon their pleasure lours.
Their pleasure passes, passes like a cloud,
From pleasure drawn, to fall in pleasant showers.
Their sorrow's self is but a shining shroud.
Behind it all the earth with chiming glee is loud.

And infinitely clear upon the mountains
And vibrant in the dales, child-spirits haunt
With lays as pure as song of streams of fountains,
With ditties pure, a music resonant,
The scene the slaves of death, the adamant,
Defile and spoil and still pretend to scorn.
They mumble psalms and drearily they chant
The tale of how the King of Death was born
To make of eager life a servitude forlorn.

All, all for nought is spread the light of day,
So blessing sense, so fathoming the soul.
When childish glee in sight has passed away,
Then man through habit's tunnel like a mole
Goes scratching onward to his mortal goal.
To reach the nothing which his kind adores,
To be no part but an eternal whole
In Death, all other purposes he ignores.
Men are no more than breakers on Death's frozen shores.



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# by Gilbert Cannan

What then is Death that he should have them
bound,
So ignominiously bound and driven,
That all their noble powers should be ground
By him to dust, and their high hopes be riven
And cast aside for promise never given?
The fairer promise of the pearly dawn,
Daily fulfilled in daily taste of Heaven
Is trivially held, a worthless pawn.
And from the rich high noon full honour is with-
drawn.

Death is a moment giving, time the lie
Like other moments, full and clear and true,
A reaching up to immortality
As happy children and brave lovers do,
And honied flowers in the summer dew,
And birds and playful beasts, and all who seize
The moment as it rises, making new
The old unchanging change, that else must
freeze
With its unending sequence of all pageantries.

Death is the moment, merciful at last,
When failing strength can reach the certain
prize,
Knowing that sin and punishment are past
With memory and all its brood of lies.
Deceitful light will no more cheat the eyes,
No sense again will darken thought or mind.
Love's surely known in this his last disguise
As One, immortal, in whom fear will find
A boundless force that all his armies cannot bind.

Yet of all moments Death is surely least,
Most easily attained, and therefore set
By Fear above all others at the feast.
So Life's rich house becomes a Lazaret,
A hospice where the sick would fain forget
Their health, their youth, the flame of their
desire.
They weave for pence a thinly meshèd net,
To catch their hopes and burn them on a pyre
For dirty smoke to hide an ashy flameless fire.

Yet from a greater to a smaller glory
The true soul comes as one returning home
To earth through Death, to close the magic story
Like huge waves ending in a fringe of foam,
Like sunbeams breaking on a crystal dome,
Like cloudy palaces dissolved in rain.
So easily to Death the soul will come
As to a needless proof that nought is vain

## THE MANOR HOUSE

The velvet plough-lands sunbeams take
In ecstasy new life to make.
And colour, purple shot with brown
The shuttle weaving up and down
Until the web is bravely there
In conjured magic from the air.
Here is a music and a spell
From whence the nobler forms may swell.
A wonder more than wondrous grows
To bring the softly burning rose,
The honeysuckle and the vine
And peaches on the wall and fine
Magnolia and shapely pear
And poplars straight and debonair:
A lawn so delicately green
It seems a happy Fairy Queen
Has blest it with her feet and made
Her bower in the idle shade.
Whence, with her keen and royal glance
Bent down upon the tripping dance.
She gazing out on either hand,
Could know not water from the land.
And from the lawn made fairies swim
Through shade to water's brim.
O from the velvet plough-land comes
Some music that the lime-tree hums,
And makes a music that the bees
Go whispering to flowers and trees
And on the flowers butterflies
Are little songs of Paradise
The shadows in the orchard show
Unfathomable depths below
Th' enamelled towers of the leaves
Wherein enchantment arras weaves
Amid the canopy of fruits
The song-birds tune their tiny flutes
And pipe them in the ecstasy
Of such a boundless melody.
The trees in regiments are lined
And, headed by these joys combined,
With drumming waists, trumpeters
In every scented wind that stirs.
They come to weave the central charm
About the comely house and farm.
Each in his native joy is killed
And plies it till the house is filled
With magic of the field and woods
And music that in water broods
And breaks into a silver song



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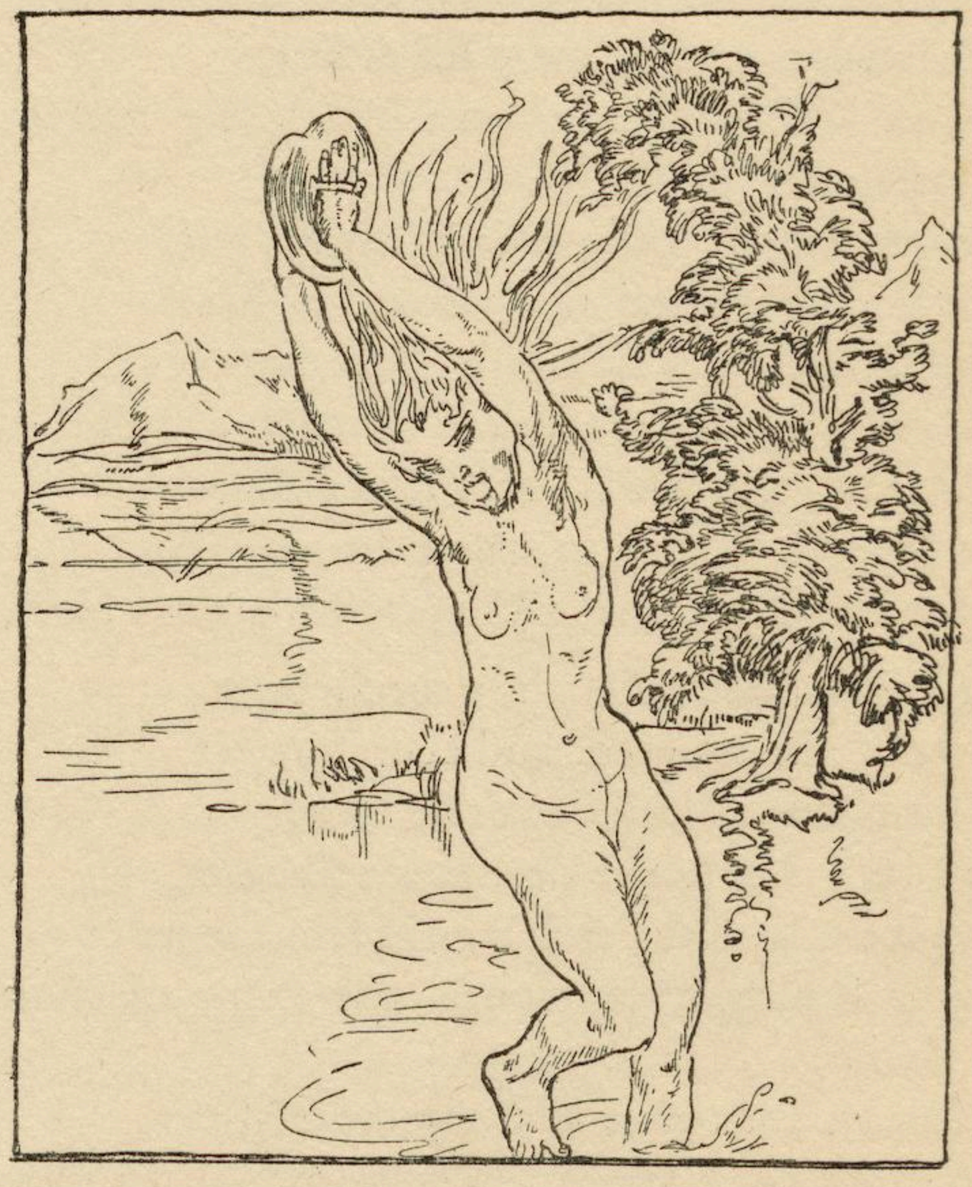
# Poems by A. L. Huxley

Where hidden notes the forest throng.
The ancient forest lives again
And dies before the joy and pain
Of living in such harmony
As here in human heart is free.

GILBERT CANNAN

## MOLE

UNNELLED in solid blackness creeps
The old mole-soul, and wakes or sleeps
He knows not which, but tunnels on
Through ages of oblivion;
Until at last the long constraint
Of each-hand wall is lost, and faint
Comes daylight creeping from afar,
And mole-work grows crepuscular.
Tunnel meets air and bursts; mole sees
Men hugely walking . . . or are they trees?
And far horizons smoking blue,
And chasing clouds for ever new;
Green hills, like lighted lamps aglow
Or quenching 'neath the cloud-shadow;
Quenching and blazing turn by turn,
Spring's great green signals fitfully burn.
Mole travels on, but finds the steering
A harder task of pioneering
Than when he thridded through the strait
Blind catacombs that ancient fate
Had carved for him. Stupid and dumb
And blind and touchless he had come
A way without a turn; but here,
Under the sky, the passenger
Chooses his own best way; and mole
Distracted wanders, yet his hole
Regrets not much wherein he crept,
But runs, a joyous nympholept,
This way and that, by all made mad—
River nymph and oread,
Ocean's daughters and Lorelei,
Combing the silken mystery,
The glaucous gold of her rivery tresses—
Each haunts the traveller, each possesses
The drunken wavering soul awhile;
Then with a phantom's cock-crow smile
Mocks craving with sheer vanishment.
Mole-eyes grow hawk's: knowledge is lent
In grudging driblets that pay high,
Unconscionable usury
To unrelenting life, Mole learns
To travel more secure; the turns
Of his long way less puzzling seem,
And all those magic forms that gleam
In airy invitation cheat
Less often than they did of old.
The earth slopes upward, fold on fold
Of quiet hills that meet the gold
Serenity of western skies.
Over the world's edge with clear eyes
Our mole transcendent sees his way
Tunnelled in light : he must obey
Necessity again and thrid
Close catacombs as erst he did,
Fate's tunnellings, himself must bore
Thorough the sunset's inmost core.
The guiding walls to each-hand shine
Luminous and crystalline;
And mole shall tunnel on and on,
Till night let fall oblivion.



## QUOTIDIAN VISION

THERE is a sadness in the street,
And sullenly the folk I meet
Droop their heads as they walk along,
Without a smile, without a song.
A mist of cold and muffling grey
Falls, fold by fold, on another day
That dies unwept. But suddenly,



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# and Harold Massingham

Under a tunnelled arch I see
On flank and haunch the chestnut gleam
Of horses in a lamplit steam;
And the dead world moves for me once more
With beauty for its living core.

A. L. HUXLEY

## TWO REALITIES

A WAGGON passed with scarlet
wheels
And a yellow body, shining new.
"Splendid!" said I. "How fine it
feels

To be alive, when beauty peels
The grimy husk from life." And you

Said, "Splendid!" and I thought you'd seen
That waggon blazing down the street;
But I looked and saw that your gaze had been
On a child that was kicking an obscene,
Brown ordure with his feet.

Our souls are elephants, thought I,
Remote behind a prisoning grill,
With trunks thrust out to peer and pry
And pounce upon reality;
And each at his own sweet will

Seizes the bun that he likes best
And passes over all the rest.

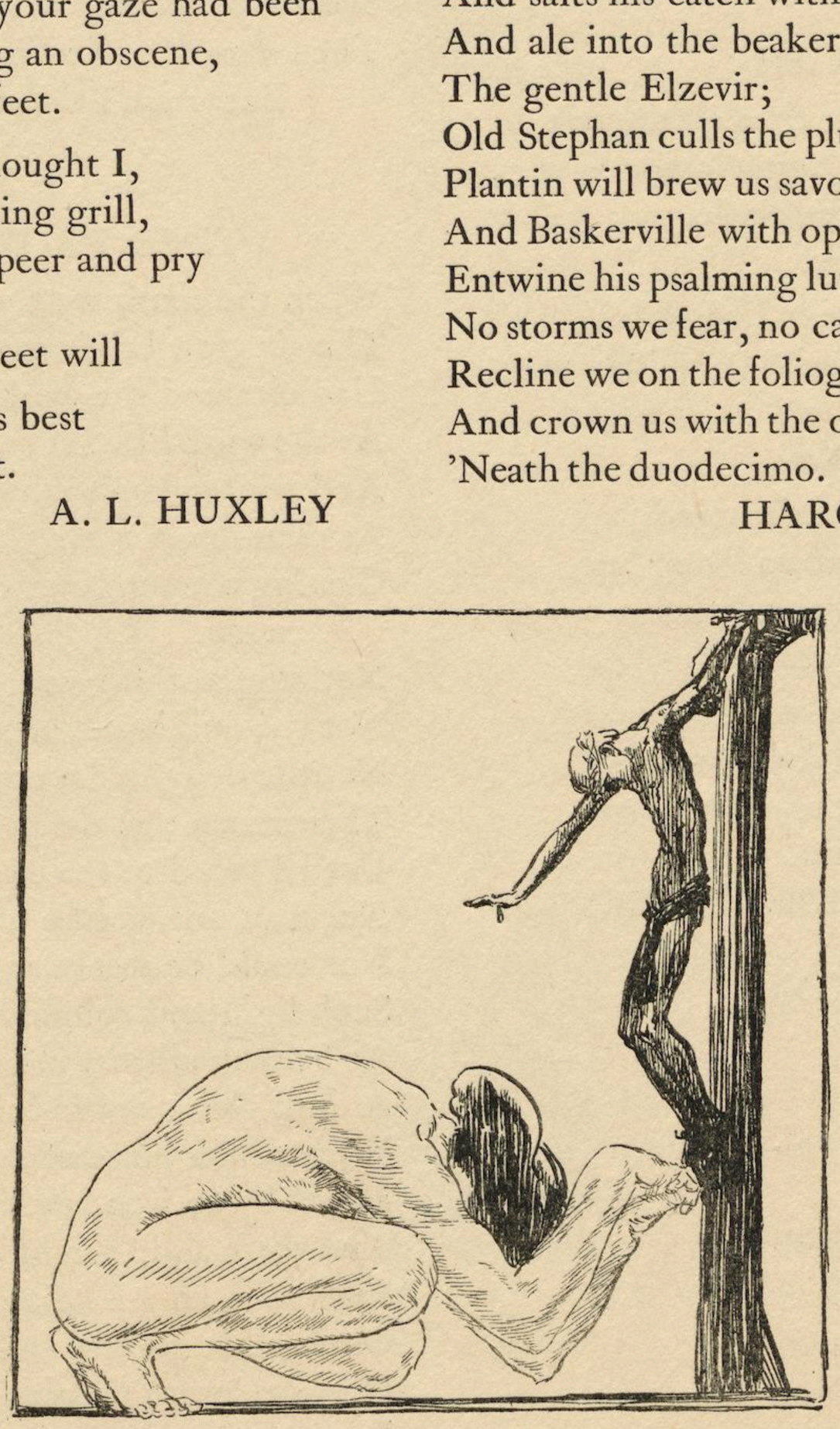
A. L. HUXLEY

## BIBLYSIUM

WE sleep beneath the eternal morn,
Or wake, whene'er the title-page
The herald of our loves and joys
Blows his enchanting horn.

Like mottled calf, among the trees
With leaves well-margined, splash the rays
O' the sun, the first edition
Of this our Paradise.
No envious night can lower upon
Th' Initials swaying in the breeze,
The quarto browsing on the turf,
The budding colophon.
The woodcuts flute their simple lay
In cloistered peace, unmindful where
Prowl tusky, huge and pachyderm
The incunabula.
Aldus with anchor hooks lobbestere
And salts his catch with Pickering,
And ale into the beaker pours
The gentle Elzevir;
Old Stephan culls the plumpest fruit,
Plantin will brew us savory herbs,
And Baskerville with opiate flowers
Entwine his psalming lute.
No storms we fear, no cares we know,
Recline we on the folioge
And crown us with the octavo bays
'Neath the duodecimo.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM





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# Poems by G. Plunkett, J. Freeman,

RIS

To such delicious music
runs your being
You seem poised as a bird
upon the wave,
Floating through ether,
lighted on a spray—
Nay, so your will can wing you, to our seeing,
With every fluttering motion we grow grave,
Fearing you vanish fairily away.

You may not part the hearts that you awaken,
Dear spirit of the lambent flame of thought,
While to a home unseen trembles your smile;
Wanting you earth were but a nest forsaken—
O rapturous wings! into your eddies caught
Like leaves, we follow you to your happy isle!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT

## THE WISH

That you might happier be than all the rest,
Than I who have been happy loving you,
Of all the innocent ev'n the happiest—
This I beseeched for you.

Until I thought of those unending skies—
Of stagnant cloud, or fleckless dull blue air,
Of days and nights delightless, no surprise,
No threat, no sting, no fear;

And of the stirless waters of the mind,
Waveless, unfurrowed, of no living hue,
With dead leaves dropping slowly in no wind,
And nothing flowering new.

And then no more I wished you happiness,
But that whatever fell of joy or woe
I would not dare, O sweet, to wish it less,
Or wish you less than you.

JOHN FREEMAN

## THE POND

Gray were the rushes
Beside the budless bushes,
Green-patched the pond.
The lark had left soaring
Though yet the sun was pouring
His gold here and beyond.

Bramble-branches held me,
But had they not compelled me
Yet had I lingered there,
Hearing the frogs and then
Watching the water-hen
That stared back at my stare.

There amid the bushes
Were blackbird's nests and thrush's,
Soon to be hidden.
In leaves on green leaves thickening,
Boughs over long boughs quickening,
Swiftly, unforbidden.

The lark had left singing
But song all round was ringing,
As though the rushes
Were sighingly repeating
And mingling that most sweet thing
With the sweet notes of thrushes.

That sweetness rose all round me,
But more than sweetness bound me,
A spirit stirred;
Shadowy and cold it neared me,
Then shrank as if it feared me—
But 'twas I that feared.

JOHN FREEMAN

## TIME FROM HIS GRAVE

When the south west wind came
The air grew bright and sweet, as though a flame
Had cleansed the world of winter. The low sky
As the wind lifted it rose trembling vast and high,
And white clouds sallied by
As children in their pleasure go
Chasing the sun beneath the orchard's shadow and
snow.
Nothing, nothing was the same!
Not the dull brick, not the stained London stone,
Not the delighted trees that lost their moan—
Their moan that daily vexed me with such pain
Until I hated to see trees again;
Nor man nor woman was the same
Nor could be stones again,
Such light and colour with the south west came.
As I drank all that brightness up I saw
A dark globe lapt in fold on fold of gloom,
With all her hosts asleep in that cold tomb,
Sealed by an iron law.
And there amid the hills,
Locked in an icy hollow lay the bones
Of one that ghostly and enormous slept
Obscure 'neath wrinkled ice and bedded stones.
But as spring water the old dry channel fills,



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# W. H. Davies and F. Carter

Came the south west wind filling all the air.
Then Time rose up, ghostly, enormous, stark,
And all that Life puts forth to Life shall come again.
With cold gray light in cold gray eyes, and dark
Dark clouds caught round him, feet to rigid chin.
The wind ran flushed and glorious in,
Godlike from hill to frozen hill-top stepp'd,
And swiftly upon that bony stature swept.
Then a long breath and then quick breaths I heard,
In those black caves of stillness music stirred,
Those icy heights were riven:
From crown to clearing hollow grass was green;
And godlike from flushed hill to hill-top leapt
Time, youthful, quick, serene,
Dew flashing from limbs, light from his eyes
To the sheeny skies.
A lark's song climbed from earth and dropped from
heaven,
Far off the tide clung to the shore
Now silent nevermore.
. . . Into what vision'd wonder was I swept,
Upon what unimaginable joyance had I leapt!

JOHN FREEMAN

## POINT AND MORDANT

WHAT have we in this iron age?
What have we in this land of care?
Naught to enjoy, naught to assuage,
Far less destroy, our black despair.

Our days of living are not long
Our tree of life is blown and bare,
There is small pleasure in a song
Written in pain to print with care
In black and red our deep despair.

We scribble scrabble on a page;
Our leaves of folly here and there
May flutter this sick age's rage;
But what are we to know or care
That they are smug—or we despair.

The painful penline's bitter gage
Is copper coin, but I know where
A plate of copper may be found
To give the mordant chance to bite
Through dark asphaltum's waxen ground;
To print a proof and give to light
The steel point's tale of our despair.

FREDERICK CARTER

## WHAT THOUGHTS ARE MINE

WHAT thoughts are mine when she is gone,
And I sit dreaming here alone:
My fingers are the little people
That climb her breast to its red steeple;
And, there arrived, they play until
She wakes and murmurs——"Love, be still."

She is the patient, loving mare,
And I'm the colt to pull her hair;
She is the deer, and my desire
Pursues her like a forest fire;
She is the child, and does not know
What a fierce bear she calls "bow-wow."

But Lord, when her sweet self is near,
These very thoughts cause all my fear;
I sit beneath her quiet sense,
And each word fears its consequence:
So, "puss, puss, puss!" I cry. At that
I hang my head and stroke the cat.

W. H. DAVIES

## CONFESSION

ONE hour in every hundred hours,
I sing of childhood, birds and flowers:
Who reads my character in song,
Will not see much in me that's wrong.

But in my ninety hours and nine,
I would not tell what thoughts are mine:
They're not so pure as find their words
In songs of childhood, flowers and birds.

W. H. DAVIES



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# Poem by T. Sturge Moore

## VALUE AND EXTENT.

The more they peer through lenses at the night,
The finer they split rays of stellar light,
The vaster their estimates
Of distances, of movements, and of weights!

The stupour of this unimagined size
Like a mole's eyelid palls the keenest eyes.
Yea, like unearthed moles,
We, by truth tortured, writhe outside those holes—

Dark homely galleries of confined thought,
Whose utmost reach must now be held as naught
Compared with that grand space
Which those unlike us may superbly grace.

Substance more subtle, forms of comelier growth,
Diviner minds, nothing but mental sloth
Prevents us thus to bid
Against the size revealed, with worth still hid.

No reason can be urged why all this room
Should hold no more life than, within a tomb,
The first small worm that stirs;
For all known life is less in the universe.

Undreamable communications, sun
To sun, may be the hourly routes they run,
Swifter even than light,
On business purer than a child's delight.

Not that I can, like scornful Plato, fear
Our fine things but poor copies of true worth;
Proportioned to this earth,
There thrill and shape small genuine glories here.

T. STURGE MOORE



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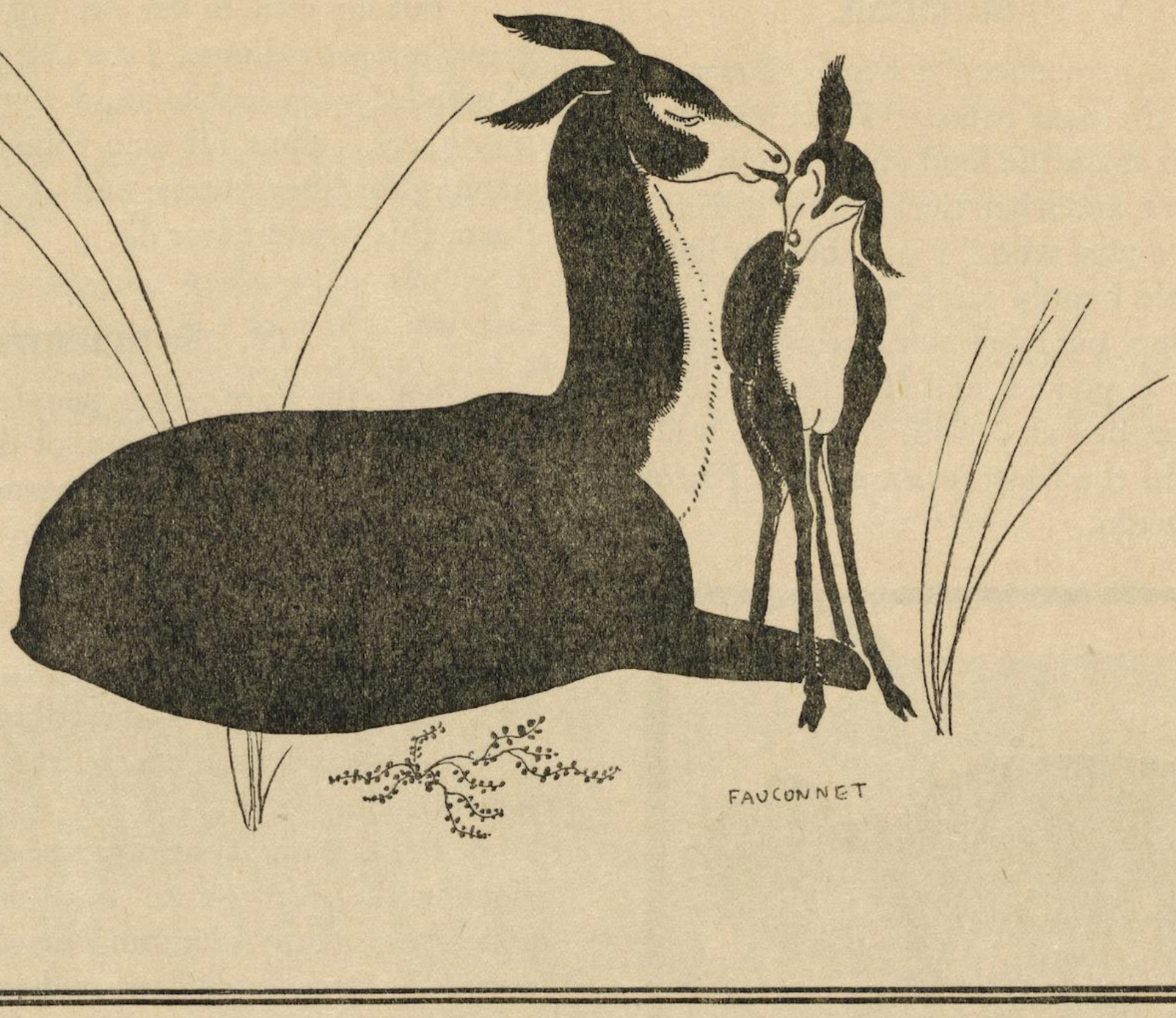


# TRIVIA

## By L. PEARSALL SMITH

### I. Infection.

HOW on earth is one to keep free of those mental microbes that worm-eat people's brains, those theories, enthusiasms and infectious doctrines that one is always liable to catch from what seem the most innocuous contacts? People go about simply laden with germs; they breathe creeds and convictions on you whenever they open their mouths. Wherewithal then shall a young man cleanse his way—how shall he keep his mind immune from theosophical speculations and novel schemes of salvation? How can he be sure that he won't be suddenly struck down by the fever of funerals or of Spelling Reform, or take to his bed with a new Sex Theory?

But is this struggle for mental immunity, for a healthy mind in a maggoty universe, after all really worth while? Are there not soporific dreams and sweet deliriums more soothing than Reason? If transmigation can make clear the dark problem of Evil; if Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy can free us from the dominion of Death; if the belief that Bacon wrote Shakespeare gives a peace that the world cannot give, why pedantically reject their kindly solace? Why not be led with the others by still waters, and be made to lie down in green pastures?



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# Trivia by L. Pearsall Smith

### II. Humiliation.

"I met a man once," I began, but no one listened. At the next pause, "I met a man—" I remarked, but again the loud talk went on. Some one told a story, and when the laughter had ended, "Once I met a man who," I said, but on looking round the table I could catch no attentive eye. It was humiliating, but more humiliating the prompt thought that Sophocles and Goethe would have always commanded attention, while the want of it could not in the least have troubled Pascal or Abraham Lincoln.

### III. High Life.

Although that immense country house was empty and for sale, and I had got an order to view it, I needed all my courage to walk through the heraldic gates and up the great avenue, and then to ring the door-bell. And when I was ushered in, and shutters were taken down to let daylight into the vast apartments, I sneaked through them, cursing the dishonest curiosity which had brought me into a place where I had no business. But I was treated with such deference and so plainly regarded as a possible purchaser, that I gained confidence. I began to act the part, and soon came to believe in the opulence imputed to me. From all the novels describing the mysterious and glittering life of the Great which I had read (and I had read many) there came to me a vision of my own existence in this palace: I filled the vast space with the shine of jewels and stir of voices; I watched ladies sweeping in their tiaras down the splendid stairs.

But my soul, in her swell of pride, soon outgrew these paltry limits. I saw that the magnificence of which I was capable could never be housed in this hovel. Thus for one thing there was only stabling for forty horses; and of course, as I told them, this would never do.

### IV. Symptoms.

"But there are certain people I simply cannot stand—a dreariness and sense of death come over me when I meet them. It seems as if I could hardly breathe when they are in the room—as if they had pumped all the air out of it. Wouldn't it be dreadful to produce that sort of effect on people? But they never seem to know it. I remember once meeting a famous bore—I really must tell you about it, it shows the unbelievable obtuseness of such people."

I talked on about my experience and sensations with great gusto, until suddenly, in the appearance of my charming neighbour I became aware of something a little odd—a slightly glazed look in her lovely eyes, a just noticeable irregularity in her breathing. . .

### V. Consolation.

The other day, depressed on the underground, I tried to cheer myself up by thinking over the joys of the human lot. But there wasn't one of them for which I seemed to care a hang—not wine, nor friendship, nor eating, nor making love, nor the consciousness of virtue . . . . Was it worth while then going up in a crowded lift into a world that had nothing less trite to offer?

Then I thought of reading. The nice and subtle happiness of reading. This was enough, this joy not dulled by Age, this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, life-long intoxication.

### VI. A Fancy.

More than once I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is Good Company which will like these sketches; these thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of soft grey matter in the bowl of my skull.



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# Poem by J. C. Squire

## IN DARKNESS

*WITH my sleeping beloved huddled tranquil beside me, why do I lie awake,*
*Listening to the loud clock's hurry in the darkness, and feeling my heart's fierce ache*
*That beats one response to the brain's many questionings, and in solitude bears the weight*
*Of all the world's evil and misery and frustration and the senseless pressure of fate?*
*Is it season of ploughing and sowing, this vigil, that so certainly it recurs?*
*In this unsought return of a pain that was ended, is it here that a song first stirs?*
*Can it be that from this, when to-night's gone from memory, there will spring of a sudden, some time,*
*Like a silver lily breaking from black deadly waters, the thin-blown shape of a rhyme?*

*J. C. Squire*

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Woodcut

by Frank Brangwyn

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# Poems

## THE LAKE

I am a lake, altered by every wind.
The mild South breathes upon me, and I spread
A dance of merry ripples in the sun.
The West comes stormily and I am troubled,
My waves conflict and black depths show between them.
Under the East wind bitter I grow and chill,
Slate-coloured, desolate, hopeless. But when blows
A steady wind from the North my motion ceases;
I am frozen smooth and hard; my conquered surface
Returns the skies' cold light without a comment.
I make no sound, nor can I: nor can I show
What depth I have, if any depth, below.

J. C. SQUIRE

## PARADISE LOST

What hues the sunlight had, how rich the shadows were,
The blue and tangled shadows dropped from the crusted branches
Of the warped apple-trees upon the orchard grass.

How heavenly pure the blue of two smooth eggs that lay
Light on the rounded mud that lined the thrush's nest:
And what a deep delight the spots that speckled them.

And that small tinkling stream that ran from hedge to hedge,
Shadowed over by the trees and glinting in the sunbeams:
How clear the water was, how flat the beds of sand
With travelling bubbles mirrored, each one a golden world
To my enchanted eyes. Then earth was new to me.

But now I walk that earth as it were a lumber-room,
And sometimes live a week seeing nothing but mere herbs,
Mere stones, mere passing birds; nor look at anything
Long enough to feel its conscious calm assault,
Childhood will not return, but have I not the will
To strain my turbid mind, that soils all outer things,
And, open again to all the miracles of light,
To see the world with the eyes of a blind man gaining sight?

J. C. SQUIRE

## "SWEET DAY, SO FAIR, SO CALM, SO BRIGHT."

"The distant trees like little towns,
The sea as thousand rivers wide,
Clouds voyaging a bluer sea,
And bound to an unfathomed main
And lands more rich than Taprobane—
Beaumont and Fletcher by my side.

"Ultimate day! in which these trees
Grow steeples of Jerusalem,
In which the spirit-stretching sea
Washes the shores of Avilon,
To whose last rest these clouds have gone
And stuck their anchors in its beam.

"Earth's day! I pluck your flying skirts,
Though swift the shadow-hounds pursue;
Oh, stay and light this ancient page
And keep the huntsman night at bay;
That I may feign the immortal day
With peace, this folio and you."

HAROLD MASSINGHAM

FROM the cold earth
snowdrops peep
And from its enchanted
sleep
Love in me is softly
waking
Softly, softly waking.

Larks go soaring to the skies
And bid the laggard Spring arise.
Love in me is faintly springing,
Faintly, faintly springing.

O my love be patient still,
With the dancing daffodil,
Love, I am surely coming,
Surely, surely coming
The strength of it, the word, the royal heart of it.

GILBERT CANNAN



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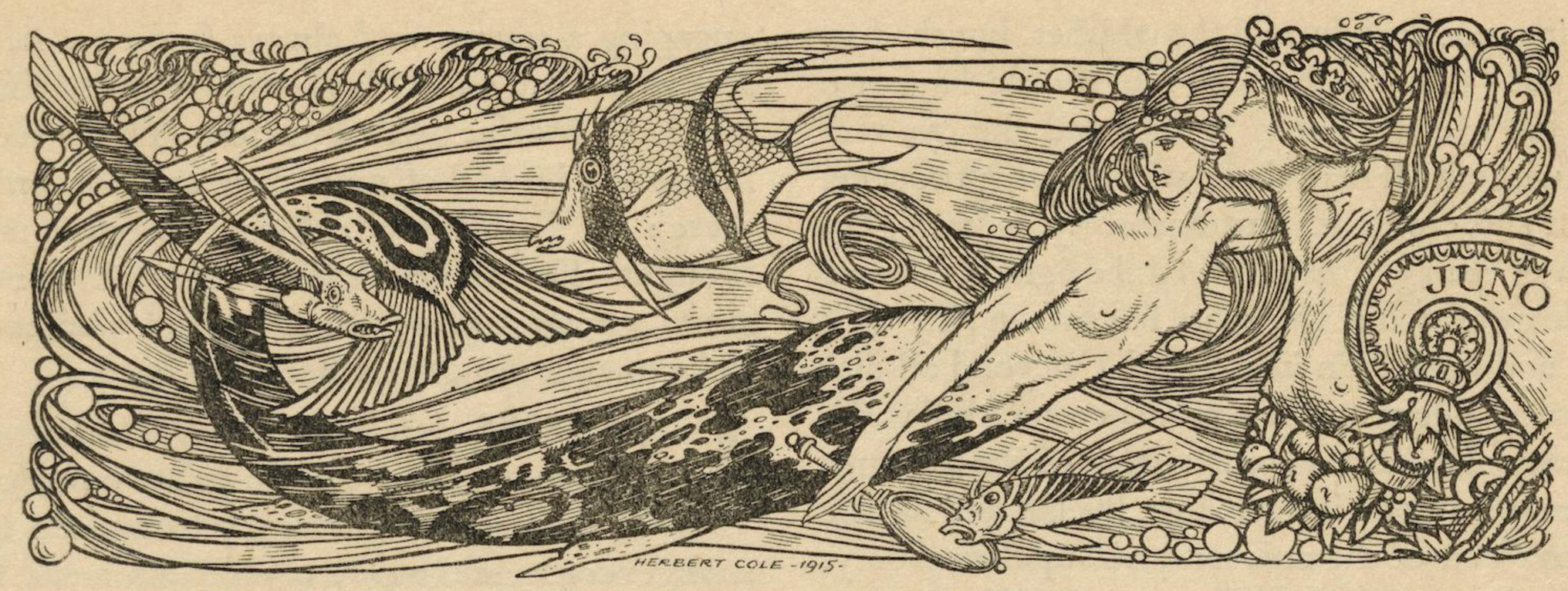


# THE SINGLE EYE

## By IVOR BROWN

HAT wild and solitary monster the Cyclops Polypheme, whose savage blinding at Ulysses' hand Homer has so magically sung, was marked in the centre of his forehead with one huge and lonely eye. Vast he was, gluttonous, brutish and uncouth. Knowing no laws respecting God nor Good he nurtured in his lusty bosom no less a tumult that did Etna his fire-hearted home. Yet, grim as the whole aspect must have seemed to the affrighted traveller of the myth, surely the most sinister and frightful feature of this monster was that single eye, rolling in its immense socket and tracking down with relentless scrutiny the erring flocks and herds.

MAN modern, man civilised, man progressive—for so the cant phrases run—bears in many ways a vivid similarity to the portentous Polypheme. For he is a giant now in numbers and in power, vast in his violence and monstrous in his material prowess. Herdsman of plenteous flocks and lord of all land and sea, he plies a strong tyranny upon the forces of nature and mulcts her of all deep-stored treasure. With the skill of his hand and with his cunning wit he has mastered the elements and harnessed the winds and rivers. Colossal he towers in the might of his machinery. He too like Cyclops, has strength without order and lust without law. He has the virtue of the giant, which is power, and the vice of the giant, which is coarseness. The march of civilisation is as clumsy and ferocious as the shambling gait of the ogre: it crushes the tender plant and tramples on the tender shoot. Our simile, however, can be yet more closely drawn when we think of the lonely eye, the forehead's glaring orb. For material progress had its own peculiar vision and its sight is keen.

WHO that has looked upon the works of man can doubt the victory of that vision, the triumph of research? Reason is a tool of double handling. Either it may consider ends, ponder values, and probe the deep mysteries of life, or else it may work in the world of means,



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# The Single Eye

debating, not the why and the whither, but the formal how. Thus the human soul should have two eyes, the eye that looks within and the eye that looks without. It needs both wisdom and prudence, insight and cunning. But humanity, in its mighty march of the ages, has allowed the light of one eye to fade away, while the other has grown rich with usage and terrible in its triumph. Beyond all dispute the modern man has prudence and skill without stint. He can so contrive that all the treasures of the world pour interest into his lap and all the hidden places of the universe yield up their plenty. Where the great eye of science turns, there it describes with infinite success the complex and the minute. It numbers the stars and marks their courses: it knows the flowers and the coming and the going of the beasts, the mysteries of stone and soil. By knowledge comes power and the mastery of steam and electricity. The same great eye can design a conquest of the skies, great air-ships and the wireless flashing of messages.

ND yet this eye, however great and keen, is a single eye. The man of progress is no richer in sight than the monstrous Polypheme. While in one way he can see all things, in another he can see nothing. Wide and far he can see the surface of the world: but he cannot see below the surface, so that the meaning and the value of his vision is lost to him. For as the huge eye of prudence swells and whirls, the little eye of wisdom and of insight fades and withers away. Man ever makes and fashions and plans, never asking the cause or the end. In the mad rush of barter none stops to question why men should want greater and greater wealth, greater and greater empires, shops, steamers, air-ships, and armaments. The huge eye goes on with its gaze and there is no little eye to watch the gazer. Thus Science, whom man took to himself as a hand-maid, has become a grey and venerable major-domo, a tyrant in the house whom none may cross. Machines too, that were to save our labours, have left us labouring harder than ever. Man is always engaging a servant and always finding a master: always making a machine for his help and finding it to be an idol for his domination. That is because he has lost his feel of proportion and his common sense: he is always thinking and never taking thought. For, as the single eye that looks to means grows yet more powerful, the eye of wisdom that looks to ends has utterly been darkened.

ULYSSES, tempest-tossed and battered, came to the cave of Polypheme and found him a gross, unsavoury being. So too a stranger comes to the cave of civilisation and finds man progressive as little to his liking. And man, like the ogre of the myth, would devour this new and pestilent invader. He has no relish for critics of his grossness, paltry people who refuse to be awed by the power of the single eye. In truth this adventurer is a dangerous, disconcerting fellow, a revolutionary, a giant-killer. He must be stamped out or devoured.

FOR Ulysses the plight was perilous, but it was simple. To escape he had merely to destroy. To destroy he struck at the single eye. With a red-hot and sizzling stake he thrust at the repulsive orb and charred it to a shapeless, cindered mass. So the eye failed and from the blinded, writhing monster flight was made possible, though yet another ruse was demanded to escape the wild blows of sightless fury. But for the stranger in man's cave there is no such simple release. His task is not to blind and blot out the strong eye of Science and of Prudence: it is to evolve the withered eye of Insight and of Wisdom, so that with harmonious vision man may view means and ends together and remain the master of his machines, the lord of his own tools and implements.

THOSE who would have recourse to sabotage and who would tear machinery from its metal roots, those who would withdraw from the world of material progress and live in the anarchy of solitude, those who would utterly break down and burn the existing thing in art, in letters, in faith, in society, all those are following in Ulysses' steps. But they have a deeper problem to face. Ulysses had only to destroy and run. They have to build. And if, with the burning stake of revolution, they blind the great eye of man, what is left but utter darkness and a numberless host of people lacking the fruits both of wisdom and of



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# By Ivor Brown

cunning; for the burning of one eye does not call the other into being. Ulysses' treatment of Polypheme was the stern reprisal of mythical morality: the revolutionary new-comer to the cave of civilisation cannot afford to be so hard and so relentless.

THE human eye evolved, we are told, by the growing influence of light upon a sensitive surface. The eye of wisdom, the orb of reason and the seat of judgment, cannot break in a moment from the blank wall of the face. Light must play patiently upon the sensitive surface. The Great Red Day of the revolutionary is worthless, unless humanity is ready for it. The mere anarchic outbursts of form-contemners achieve nothing positive in a world of super-formal art. Revolutions, in fact, can never be successful, until the need for them is past. But that does not mean that the idea of revolution lacks value. What is most desperately needed at the present day is insistence upon an entirely different attitude to life, a complete revision of moral and aesthetic values. That is the task of the real revolutionary in art, in thought, in economics. Where he sees commercialism careless slavery to catch-words, grossness and lack of perception, there he must toil at the hard and thankless task of revealing the opposite ideal, of showing the possibility of other beauties and of other goods. Merely to smash Science does not help Art nor does the assault upon machines bring Socialism nearer. The revolution that matters and counts is not the revolution of things, but of men, the uprooting not of machines but of ideas. Men must learn to feel deeply and permanently and not only fiercely and suddenly. Light, in fact, must play upon the sensitive surface.

ULYSSES had a difficult and dangerous task to blind the monster Polypheme. The task of the new-comer in man's cave is yet more formidable. Even though he would, he might not be able to blind the single eye of man, progressive. And why should he so venture? Why should he bring a new darkness upon the world? Science, machinery, modernity, all have their manifest gifts for us. Our task is to master them and to keep as servants what we as servants took. The road to that mastery is not a road of mere destruction: it is a road of creation. The creation of a new vision and of the small eyes of Wisdom—that is the challenge. To bring light so to bear upon the sensitive places of man's soul, callous now perhaps and blind, that a new organ of insight may emerge—that is the infinite burden of the adventurer. He has not to achieve the brief but terrific task of giant-killing: he has rather to assist in the slow and uncertain labours whereby beauty overcomes the beast.

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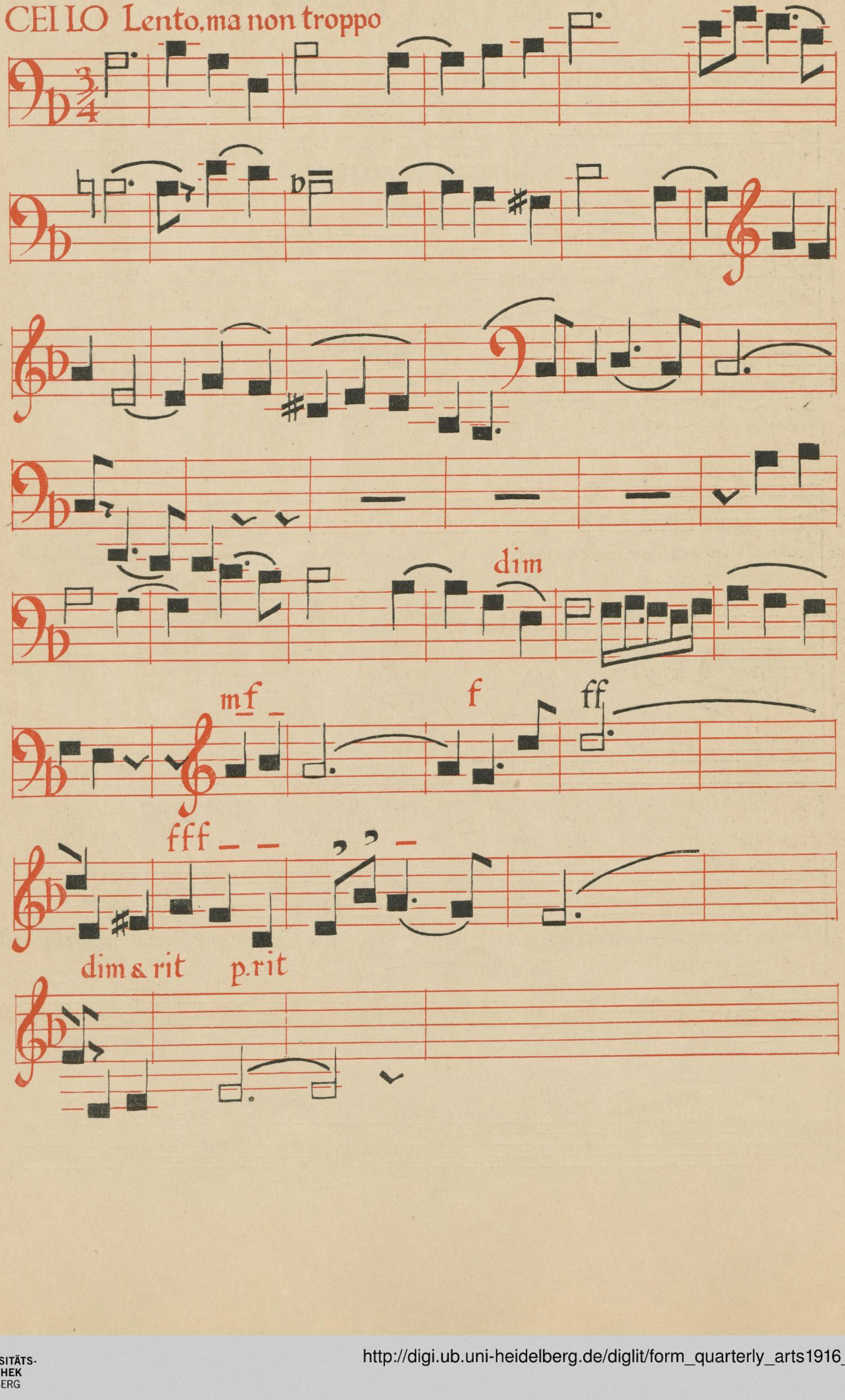
# MEDITATION

## "LONELY LONGING"

BY

A. J. ROWAN HAMILTON

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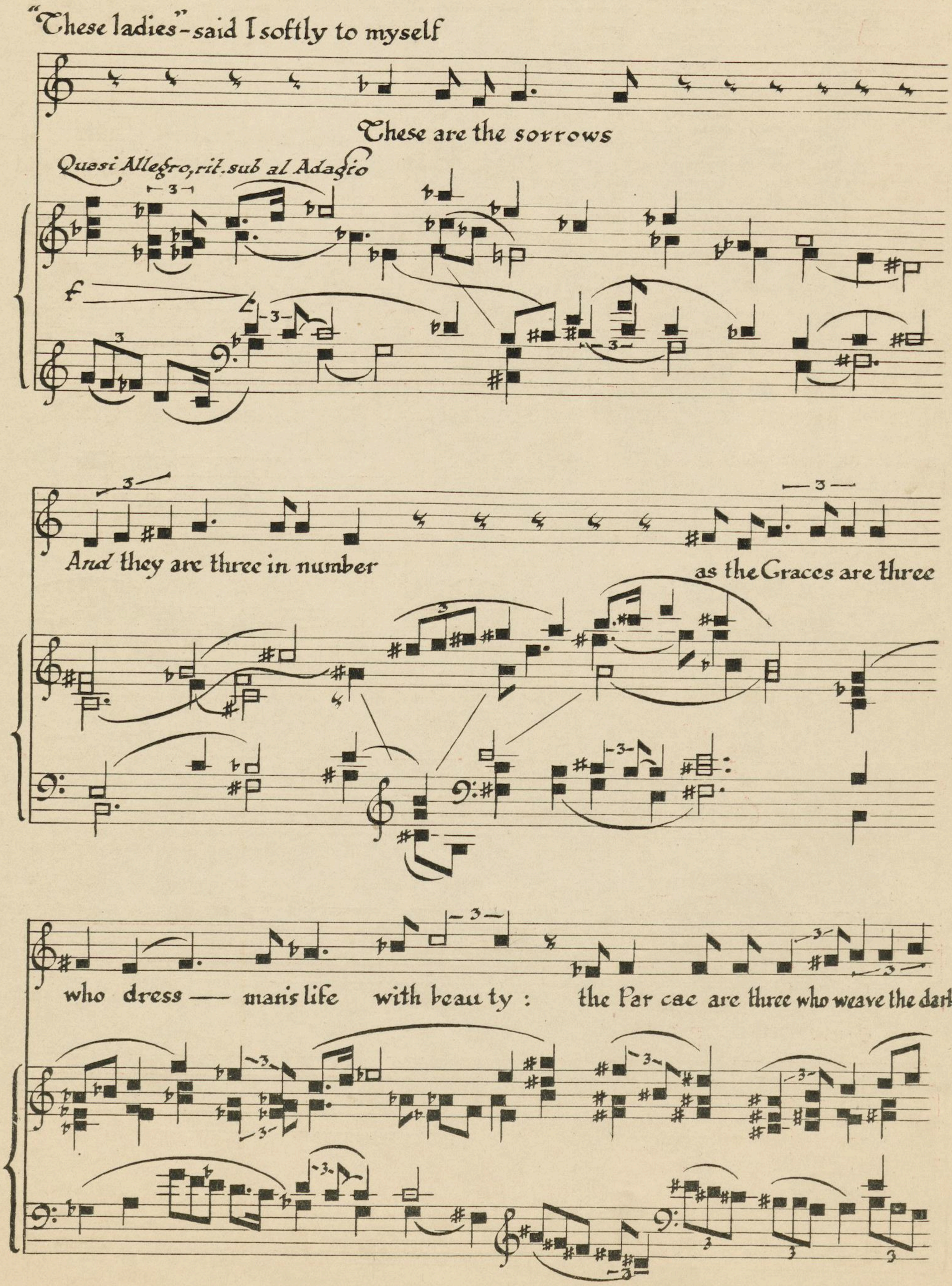
# RHAPSODY

FROM THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S

## LEVANA & OUR LADIES of SORROW

BY

## B. van Dieren

"These ladies" - said I softly to myself
These are the sorrows
Quasi Allegro, rit. sub al Adagio
f
And they are three in number
as the Graces are three
who dress — man's life with beau ty : the Par cae are three who weave the dark

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arras of man's life— in their myster i ous loom, al - ways with colours sad in

part

some-times an-gry with tragic crimson and

Ped..... Ped... Ped...

black; the Furies are three who vis it with retri

bution called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this: and

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once even the mu - ses were but three, who fit the harp - the trum pet, or the

Ped.....

lute, to the great - bur - den - of man's impassioned creat - ions

poco accentuate

These are the sorrows, all three of whom I

Ped.....

Ped.....

know.

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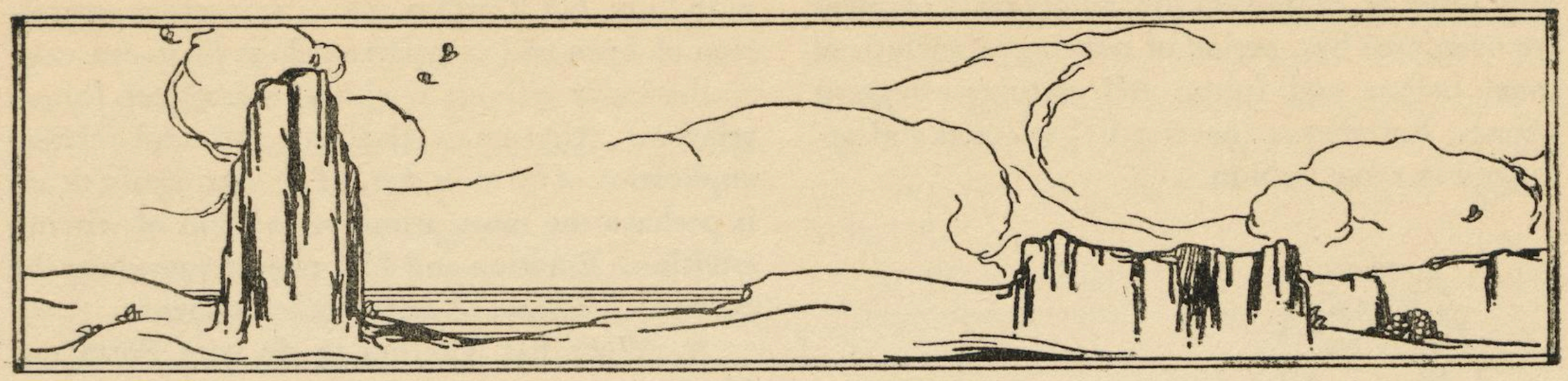
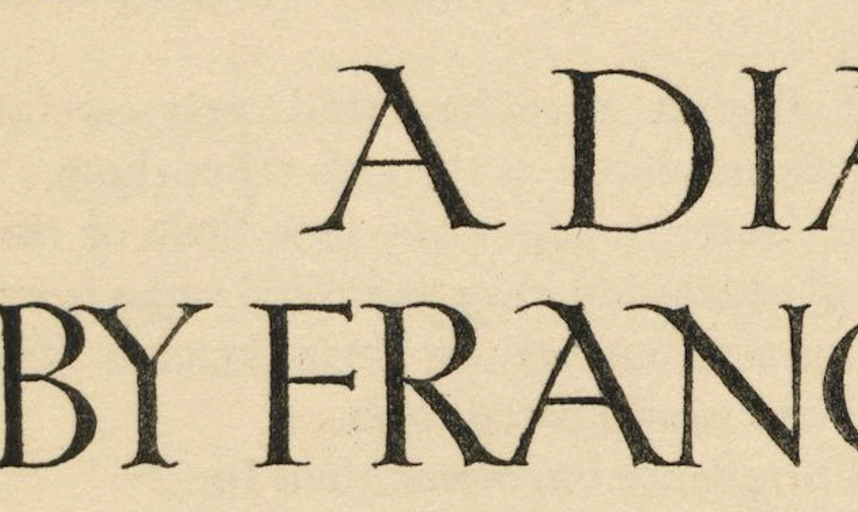


# FORM & IDEA

# A DIALOGUE BY FRANCIS MARSDEN

A.



ELL, what is your idea about Form?

B. Oh, your all pervading humour, A! But if you wish I will venture a suggestion that Form infers finite shape.

A. Aha! and what does an infinite shape infer?

B. Perhaps chaos.

A. Good. Then Form and creation, in your opinion, are related.

B. Perfectly, but it is Idea which gives life. Form without idea is sterile. Form is the envelope and Idea the seed.

A. Then which was first, Form or Idea?

B. That is not our concern, this discussion is about the principles of Art, not on Humour or Metaphysics. Possibly the existence of Form implies idea, but if you will grant the premises thus far we may proceed with the analysis.

B. Then to proceed. The function of Form is, in Art, to express Idea. But what is Idea? Many good painters imitate objects seen, the Impressionists by scientific analysis of colour painted light and atmosphere.

B. In the most objective pictures Idea must enter, perhaps unconsciously. The technical



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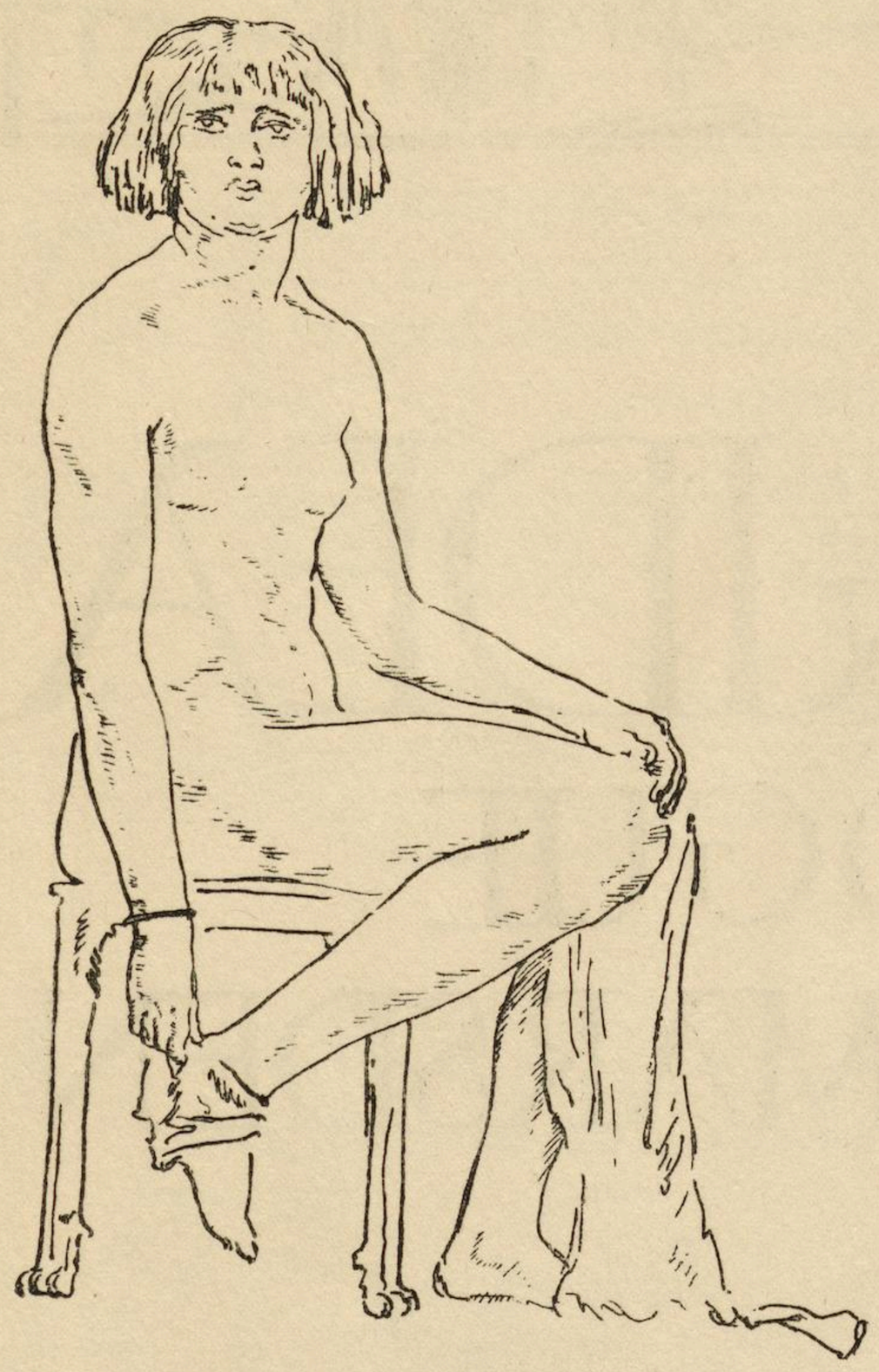
# Form and Idea

difficulties of expression (or imitation) in pigment are overcome by a period of training in analysis of tone, colour and form. All pictures represent objects, but always (necessarily) selected and arranged in some fashion.



A. What of the Impressionists who only painted light in atmosphere?

B. They never attempted to evade or attack the ultimate problem of Form, but linked one form or object with another by reflections, and suggested recession by value, that is by increasing greyness. The actual Idea in their work led to this enthusiastic search for illumination and resulted in quite emotional colour. This proceeded to an effort to eliminate values in order that purer colours might be employed throughout the work.

A. Then Form is, you suggest, in some way allied to emotion?

B. I believe Form and emotion are linked together by Rhythm which is an expression of the universal sense of life, or if you prefer movement and relation. There are rhythms in colour as well as in form, but Rhythm is a subconscious expression of form and translates colour (if it can exist aesthetically without it, which I doubt) into formal relation. Rhythm is the universal and relative application of form in Art. The beating of a drum is perhaps the most primitive method of stirring emotion. Emotion and Idea together produce the ecstatic condition of aesthetic enjoyment.

A. What has Rhythm to do with Form and Idea?

B. Rhythm is Idea working in Form.

A. Then the sense of Rhythm is the artist's sense.

B. The artist is sensitive to all three and necessarily not to one alone and through them expresses his subject.

A. Does this mean that you think Art is subjective?

B. I believe that much of the artist's power lies in his memory, probably subconscious memory——

A. Yet all great artists have made very careful studies of natural forms as their sketches show.

B. Their sketches also show how little of the real force of expression they possessed came from copies of nature, but even in their sketches idea controlled and manipulated form.

A. Is Form more important than Idea?

B. I would not say so. The study of Form is long. Idea grows with us but easily and a consequence of effort in the study of Form; but the majority of Academic teachers look upon Form (and tone as part of its expression) as of such predominant importance that the unfortunate student is not permitted to see wood for trees and makes long series of stupid studies singularly like photographs and almost equally detached from art by a sort of mechanical uniform flatness. This moribund mass is presented in exhibitions galvanised into terrible twitchings by painfully earnest or deadly competent records of facts (not of truths) usually informed with prettiness (beauty they believe it to be) or with "problems" of little jokes or sentimental slobber.

A. True, but they do not matter any more than the occasional pickpocket affects the commercial progress of a great country.

B. But they do matter—they pick the majority of pockets. They do worse: they embezzle the cash and there is no court to prosecute. They are



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# by Francis Marsden

robber-barons fortified in the great and strong places of privilege. They have wrecked the progress of Art in a financial sense. Only persons of courage dare buy nowadays when hearing the recurring heavy slump of the Victorian thousand-pounder subject-pictures.

A. Now we have the opportunity to set the subject-picture and the subjective face to face. Why do you disapprove of one and not the other?

B. I do not disapprove of subjects at all, but I object to the injurious predominance of part of the material of the aesthetic expression. The subject is frequently Idea become inflated, bloated and decrepit or a false idea altogether, having a sentimental interest only. The absence of subject inforced as a law is just as misleading. That lines of certain relative curvature and spaces of certain proportion have an emotional significance has long been known, consciously or subconsciously, to artists. Certain bulging lines have a quite easily seen unpleasantness.

A. Then a conventional decoration, a carpet for instance, may be able to convey the emotion suggested by the designer.

B. Undoubtedly. Many of the Eastern designs are quite repugnant at first sight to the European. Time and habit, the influence of people savouring such emotion, leads to an acceptance of that which, before, seemed perverted in moral feeling. The rhythm of repeat or variation enters the general stock of emotion in the background of our psychology and its tendencies are possibly slightly affected.

A. Do you disapprove of the influence of these foreign designs on our Western psychology?

B. We in these days are not of the opinion of Plato* that foreign or unwholesome rhythms should be prohibited. Normally there is no greater difference than exists in a fresh and unexpected comment on public opinion, I think, and should offer no objection without further grounds for it. The danger lies in too free an acceptance of strange rhythms.

A. Then you believe that a carpet design may convey emotion?

B. The Rhythm of the design will, as I said, give a general moral sense but cannot associate thought and emotion with the same precision as the compact and close interrelation of Form and Idea in a work of Art.

*Republic, bk. iv.

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*The Centaur's First Love*
*a woodcut by T. Sturge Moore*

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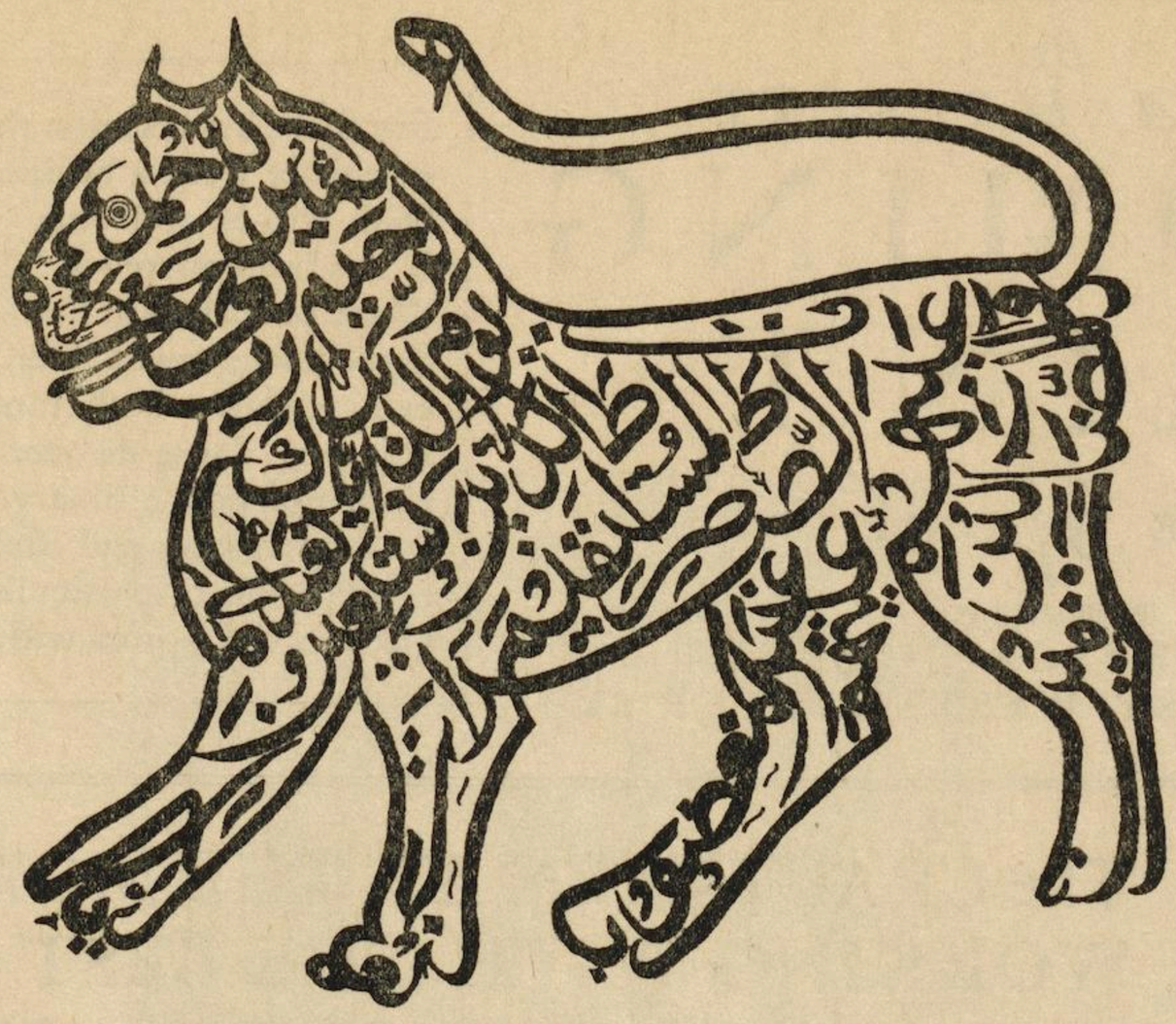

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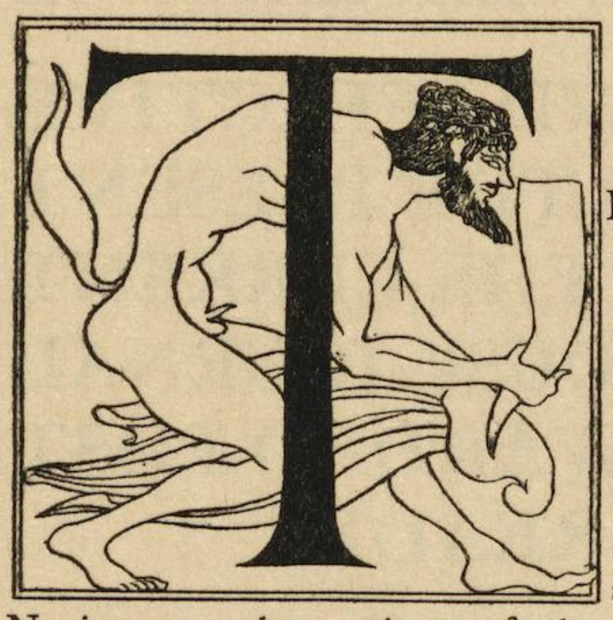

THE first number of FORM recommended to the attention of its subscribers THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART & INDUSTRY as a treasure-house of fine illustrations invaluable to all students and lovers of Indian Art. Notice was there given of the special arrangement by which, in order to give the readers of FORM a substantial proof of the claims made on behalf of THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART, a reprint of a coloured plate from the latter publication should be included in a future number of FORM.

The Editors of FORM now have the pleasure of early redeeming that promise. The fine plate which they here present is copied from the painting by the artist Madhu, senior, and is an illustration from the Wāq'iat-i-Bābarī, or Occurrences of Babar, (the Mogul Emperor and descendant of Tamerlane) who in 1526 established the Mogul Empire at Delhi.

The original is in the possession of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum and was reproduced in THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART by permission of the Director.

The picture represents three combats going on at the same time. In the foreground two men are wrestling; behind them are two camels fighting furiously, and in the middle distance are two elephants which are, perhaps, less strenuously engaged in battle, as they are harnessed with ropes and under the control of the mahawats or drivers.

This plate appears in No. 134 of THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART, published in April of last year. The eleven other plates in this number contain sixteen reproductions of pictures in the magnificent Akbarnama exhibited in the above-named museum. These plates all illustrate the fascinating subject of Sport as represented in Indian Art, and the text is by the late Col. T. H. Hendley, C.I.E.

No. 135 is devoted to some fine unpublished Persian paintings with four of the reproductions in colours, and text by Prof. T. W. Arnold, C.I.E., Litt.D., while No. 136 deals with wood-carving in Guzerat as applied to house fronts (by Sir H. Evan M. James, K.C.I.E.) and South Indian Lamps (by Mr. O. C. Gangoly).

The Publishers regret that the curtailment of their Staff, shortage of paper, and not least, the difficulties of obtaining materials regularly from India and elsewhere, have so long delayed the preparation of the Journal, that No. 136, due in October last, is only now about to be published.

The next issue, No. 137, will be a DOUBLE NUMBER to appear in December of this year, and the price will be FIVE SHILLINGS net, post free.

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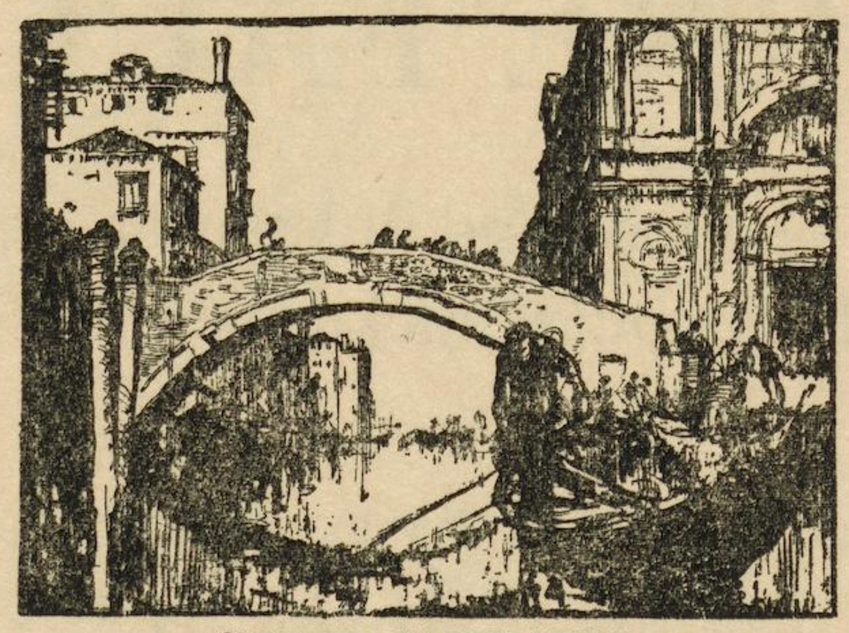

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Sports (an elephant fight and other contests) at Babar's durbar at Agra in 1528.

From the Wāq'iat-i-Bābarī, or Occurrences of Babar.

Artist: Madhu, senior.

From an original painting in the Indian Section, Victoria and Albert Museum.

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